



ATTACK

NO.16
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12 P

OUR FIGHTING FORCES IN ACTION

ATTACK



00770



Fate of the Frisco Fannie

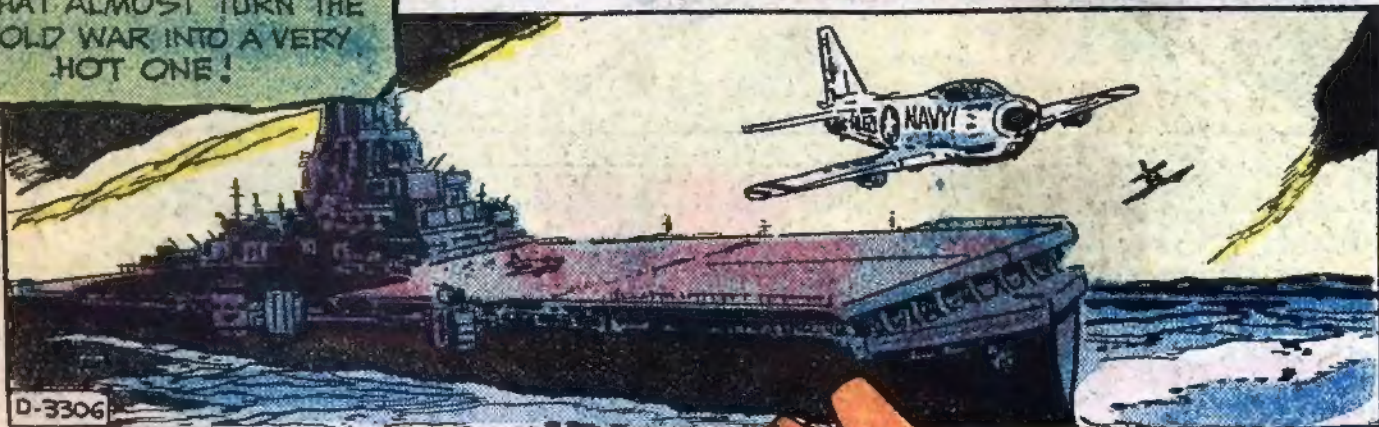
WHERE
WE GOIN'
SKIPPER?

SOUTH!
THE JAPS
HAVEN'T HIT
LEYTE YET!

THE SIXTH FLEET HAS A LOT OF COMPANY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA IN THESE DAYS OF THE CONTINUING COLD WAR! RECENTLY, THERE OCCURRED SOMETHING THAT WASN'T REPORTED IN THE NEWS... LIKE SO MANY OTHER INCIDENTS THAT ALMOST TURN THE COLD WAR INTO A VERY HOT ONE!

MEDITERRANEAN INCIDENT!

N
A
V
Y



LT. COMDR. ED LUDDEN WAS LEADING A TWO-ELEMENT FORMATION AT 35,000 FEET, ON A COURSE OVER THE EASTERN MED... WHERE THE RUSSIAN FLEET WAS CONDUCTING MANEUVERS! THEIR AERIAL CAMERAS WERE CLICKING WHEN THE COMMIE JET CAME OUT OF THE SUN!

THOOM



BIG EYE LEADER FROM BIG EYE TWO... HAVE COMPLETED PATTERN AND...

I'VE GOT A BLIP, MARTY! TAKE EVASIVE ACTION NOW!



TOO LATE, LEADER...



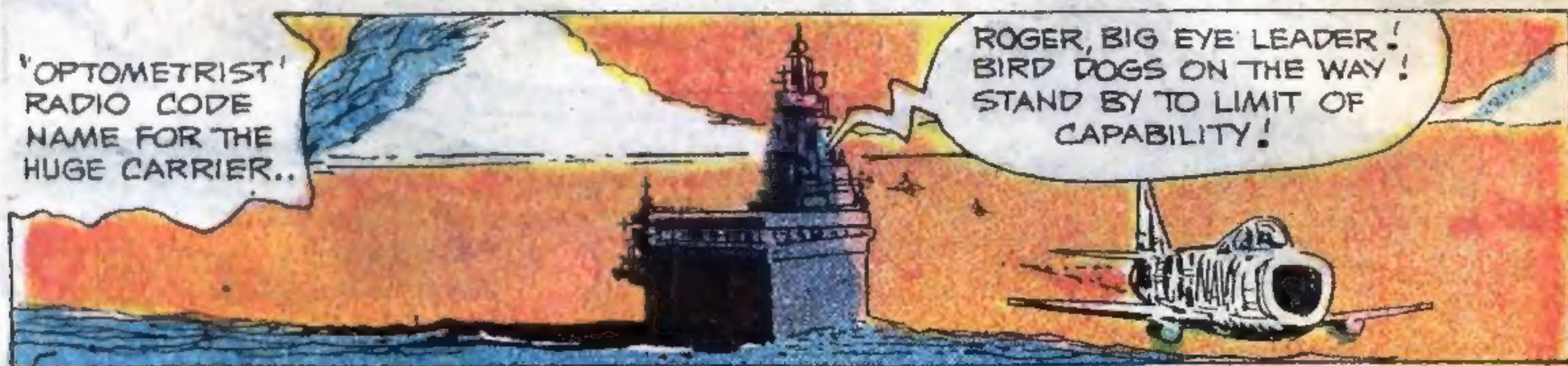
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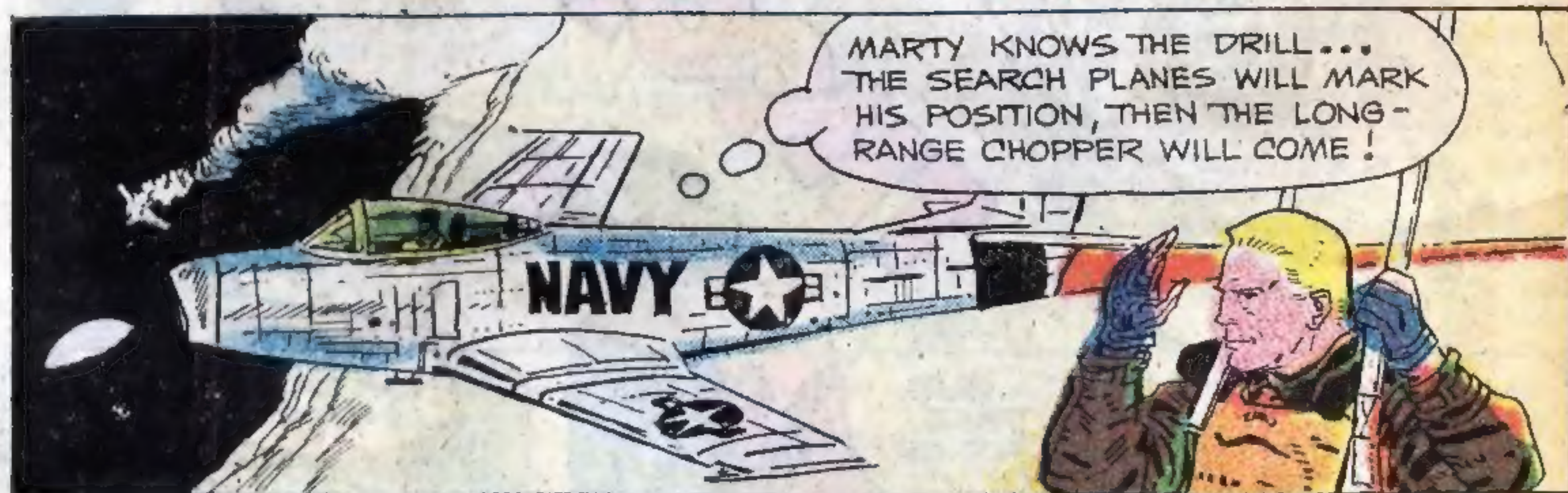


OPTOMETRIST FROM BIG EYE
LEADER! BIG EYE TWO IS
PARACHUTING THIS POSITION!
REQUEST BIRD DOGS CONVERGE
AND RETRIEVERS ACTIVATED!



'OPTOMETRIST'
RADIO CODE
NAME FOR THE
HUGE CARRIER..

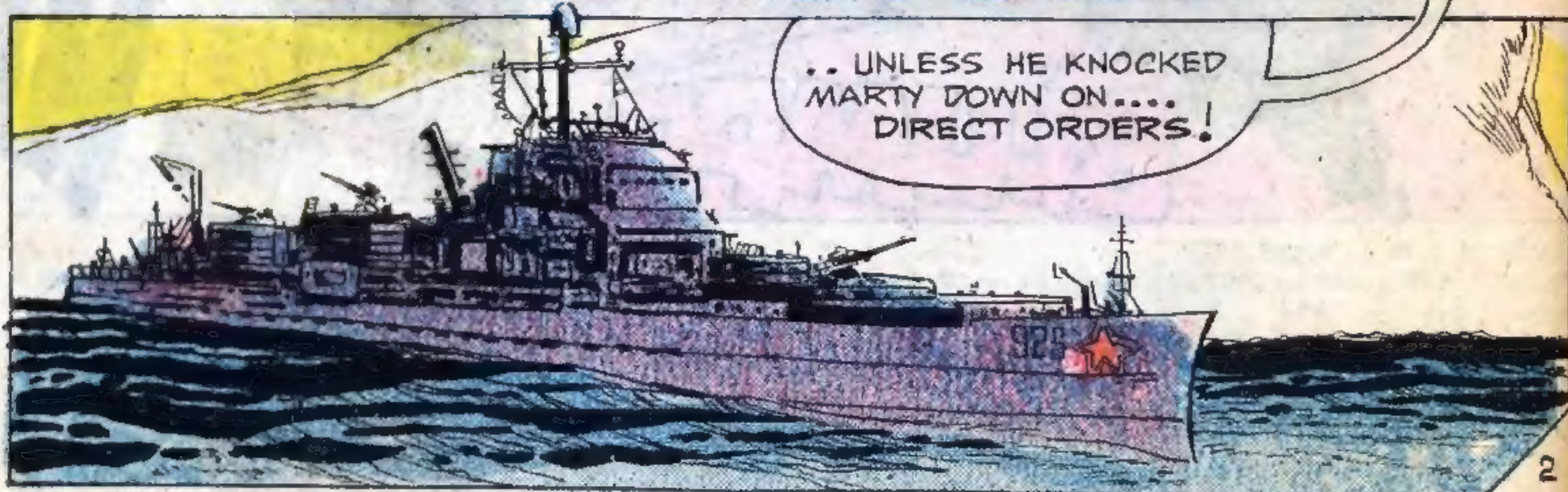
ROGER, BIG EYE LEADER!
BIRD DOGS ON THE WAY!
STAND BY TO LIMIT OF
CAPABILITY!



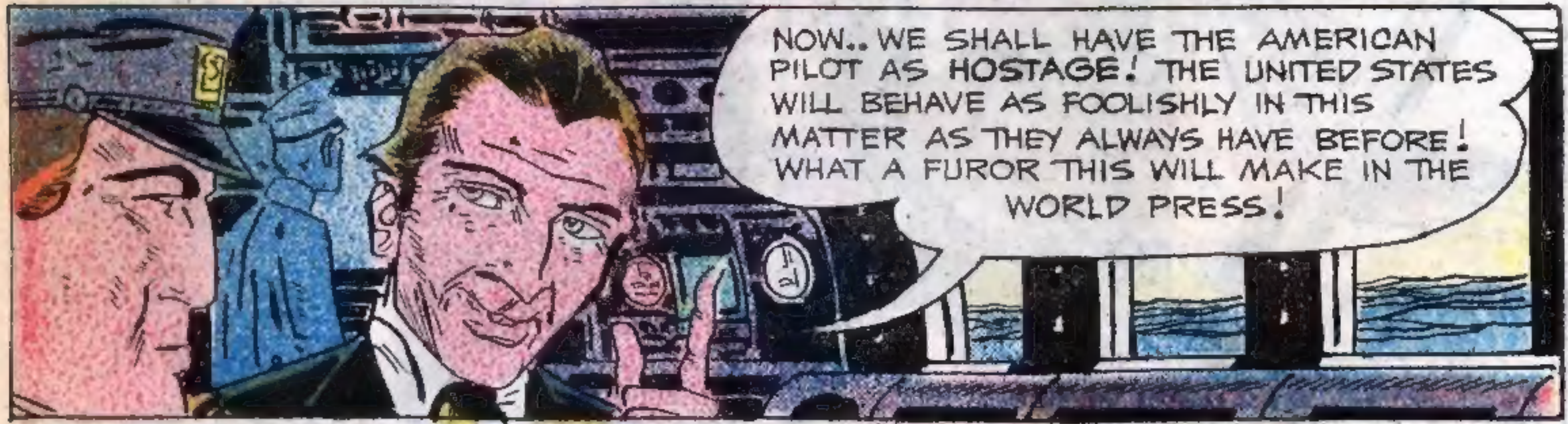
MARTY KNOWS THE DRILL...
THE SEARCH PLANES WILL MARK
HIS POSITION, THEN THE LONG-
RANGE CHOPPER WILL COME!



THE COMMIE WRECKED HIS
CRATE TOO.. HE'LL GET SENT
TO UPPER SLOBBOVIA...



.. UNLESS HE KNOCKED
MARTY DOWN ON....
DIRECT ORDERS!



THEY CLOBBERED
EDDIE ON PURPOSE
..THEY LOST A
PLANE..FOR WHAT
?

LT. COMDR.
LUDDEN'S
WORRIED,
SIR...THE
COMMIES
ARE CON-
VERGING ON
OUR MAN!

RADAR EQUIPPED
JET FIGHTERS
DON'T ACCIDENT-
ALLY COLLIDE...
THAT COMMIE
WAS ORDERED
TO BUMP LT.
TRAPP'S PLANE!

NOW..THEY'LL
PICK HIM UP
BEFORE OUR
HELICOPTER CAN
GET TO HIM!

WHAT CAN
WE DO?

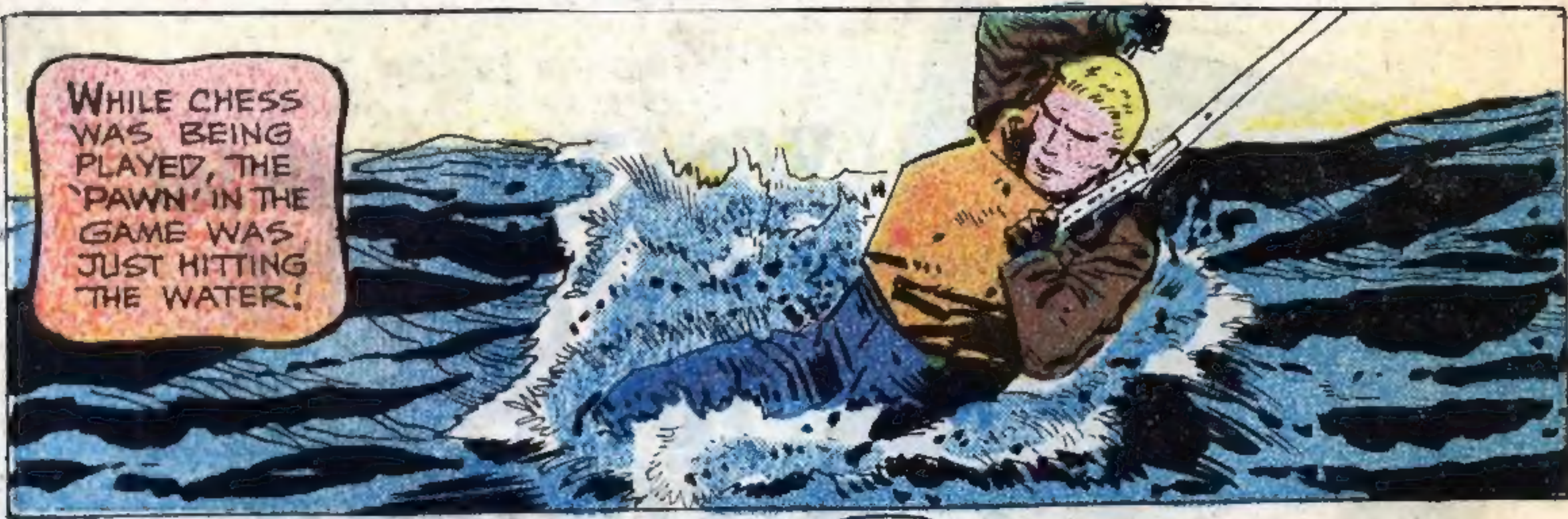
OPTOMETRIST
FROM BIG EYE!
BANDITS ARE
MOVING TOWARD
MARTY'S PROBABLE
SPLASH POINT!

THIS MIGHT
ACCOUNT FOR
THE MID-AIR
COLLISION!

WHAT CAN WE DO? AS OUR CHESS
PLAYING COMMIE FRIENDS WOULD
SAY... CHECKMATE!

THEY'LL ISSUE A COMMUNIQUE...
AMERICAN CARRIER PLANE
MALICIOUSLY ATTACKS COMMUNIST
PLANE IN OVERFLIGHT OF RUSSIAN
FLEET! THE PRISONER WILL BE
HELD FOR TRIAL!

WHILE CHESS WAS BEING PLAYED, THE 'PAWN' IN THE GAME WAS JUST HITTING THE WATER!



JIGGER FLYNN'S CHOPPER WILL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE...



WHY ARE THEY GETTING INTO THE ACT?

THE AMERICAN PILOT WILL BE BROUGHT ON BOARD!

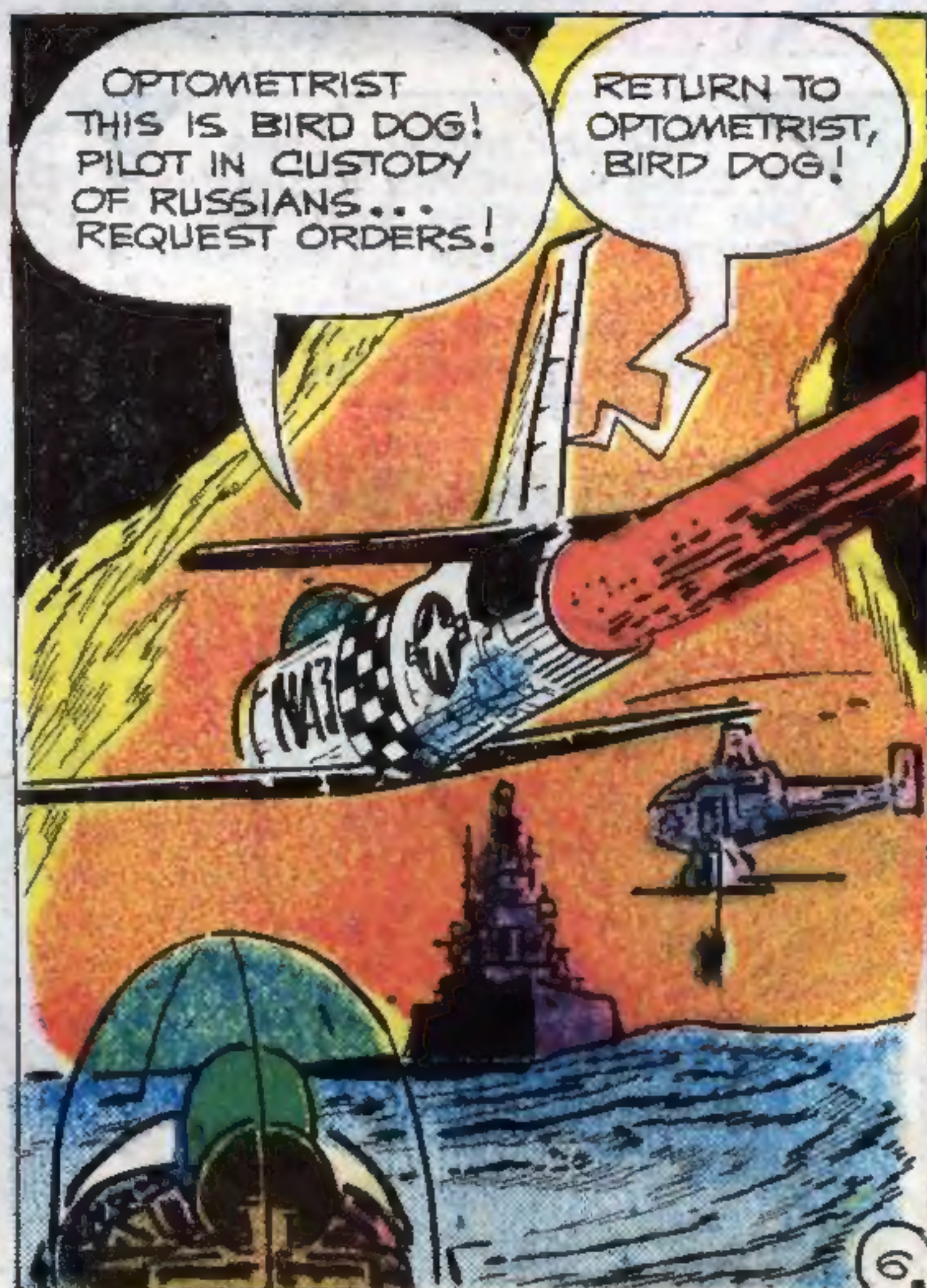


COMRADE COMMISSIONER, THESE ORAL ORDERS HAVE BEEN RECORDED AND ARE REGARDED BY ME AS... OFFICIAL!



OPTOMETRIST FROM BIRD DOG LEADER! RUSSIAN CHOPPER IS ON THE SCENE... ABOUT TO MAKE PICK-UP!







ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO, ADMIRAL?

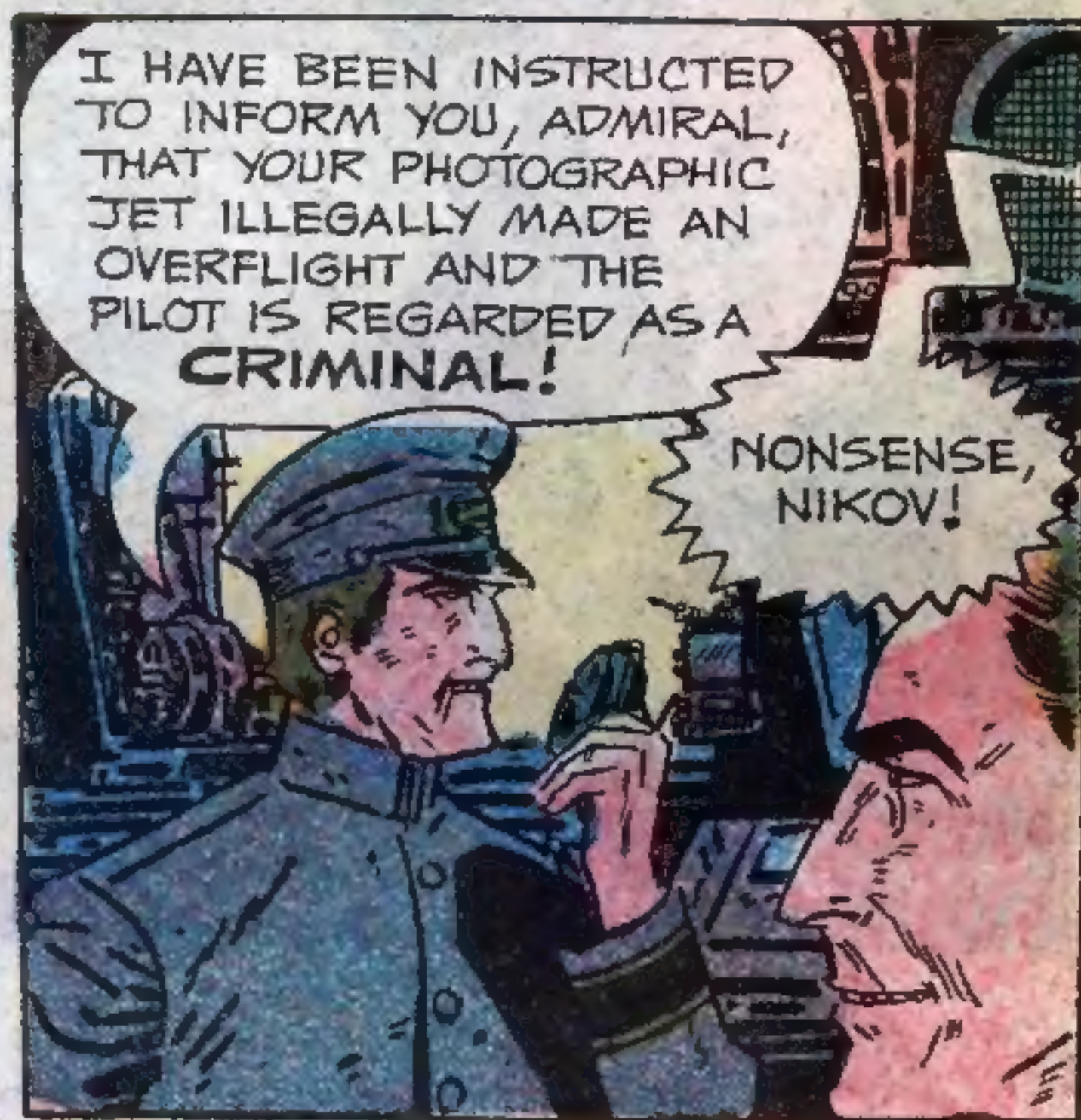
YOU KNOW OUR ORDERS, MIKE ... AVOID CONFRONTATION!

CAPTAIN NIKOV..THIS IS ADMIRAL WARRENTON! I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU ON A MAN TO MAN BASIS!



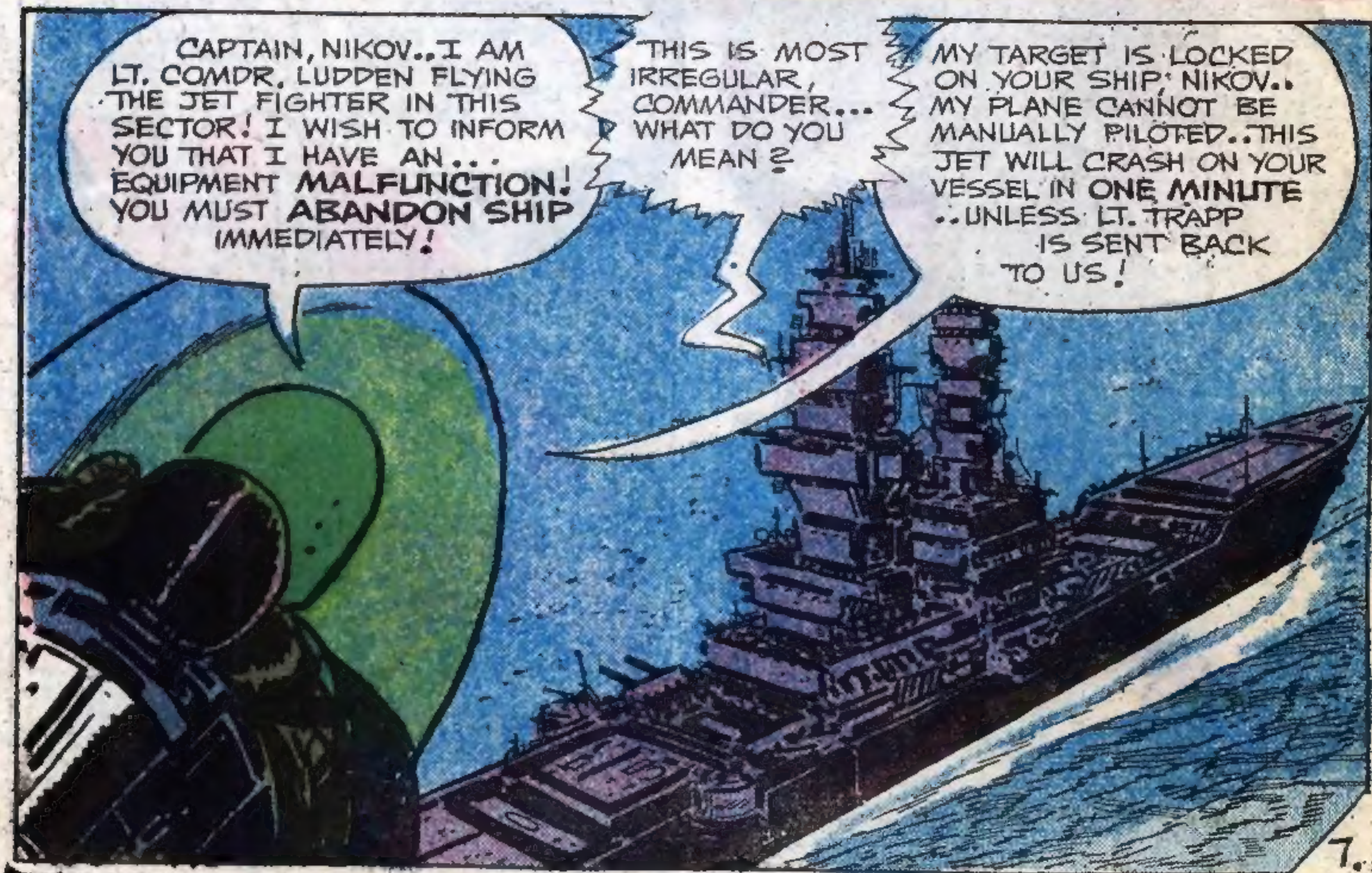
YES, ADMIRAL WARRENTON?

THIS AFFAIR CAN BECOME MOST UMPLEASANT...RELEASE OUR MAN TO US NOW AND WE'LL WRITE IT OFF AS AN UNAVOIDABLE ACCIDENT!



I HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO INFORM YOU, ADMIRAL, THAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC JET ILLEGALLY MADE AN OVERFLIGHT AND THE PILOT IS REGARDED AS A CRIMINAL!

NONSENSE, NIKOV!



CAPTAIN, NIKOV..I AM LT. COMDR. LUDDEN FLYING THE JET FIGHTER IN THIS SECTOR! I WISH TO INFORM YOU THAT I HAVE AN...EQUIPMENT MALFUNCTION! YOU MUST ABANDON SHIP IMMEDIATELY!

THIS IS MOST IRREGULAR, COMMANDER... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

MY TARGET IS LOCKED ON YOUR SHIP, NIKOV.. MY PLANE CANNOT BE MANUALLY PILOTED..THIS JET WILL CRASH ON YOUR VESSEL IN ONE MINUTE ..UNLESS LT. TRAPP IS SENT BACK TO US!

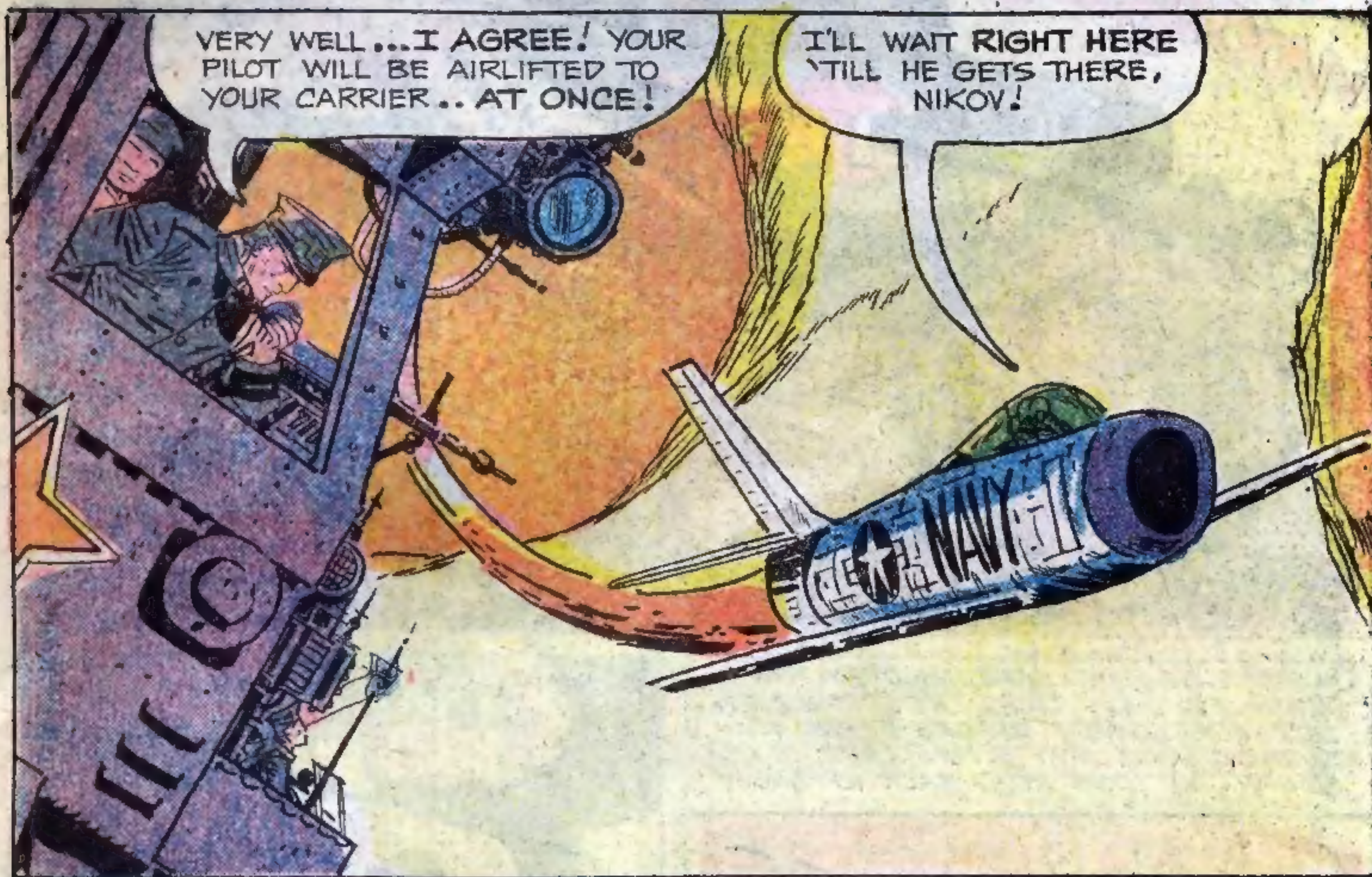


FIRE THE SEA-TO-AIR MISSILES! DESTROY HIM!

HIS PLANE MUST HAVE ELECTRONIC DEFLECTIVE DEVICES BUT.. WE WILL TRY!



I AM CARRYING A TACTICAL NUCLEAR DEVICE, NIKOV.. BETTER HURRY!



VERY WELL...I AGREE! YOUR PILOT WILL BE AIRLIFTED TO YOUR CARRIER.. AT ONCE!

I'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE 'TILL HE GETS THERE, NIKOV!

THE RED CHOPPER AIRLIFTED LT. TRAPP TO A U.S. SHIP AND AN HOUR LATER, HE AND LT. COMDR. LUDDEN...



YOU'RE A TERRIFIC POKER PLAYER, COMMANDER! NIKOV SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU WEREN'T CARRYING A NUCLEAR PAY-LOAD!

YEAH, MIKE.. BUT- HE COULDN'T BE SURE!

YOU'LL GET AN OFFICIAL REPRIMAND.. AND THE UN-OFFICIAL THANKS OF THE ENTIRE SERVICE!

END

THE Retread

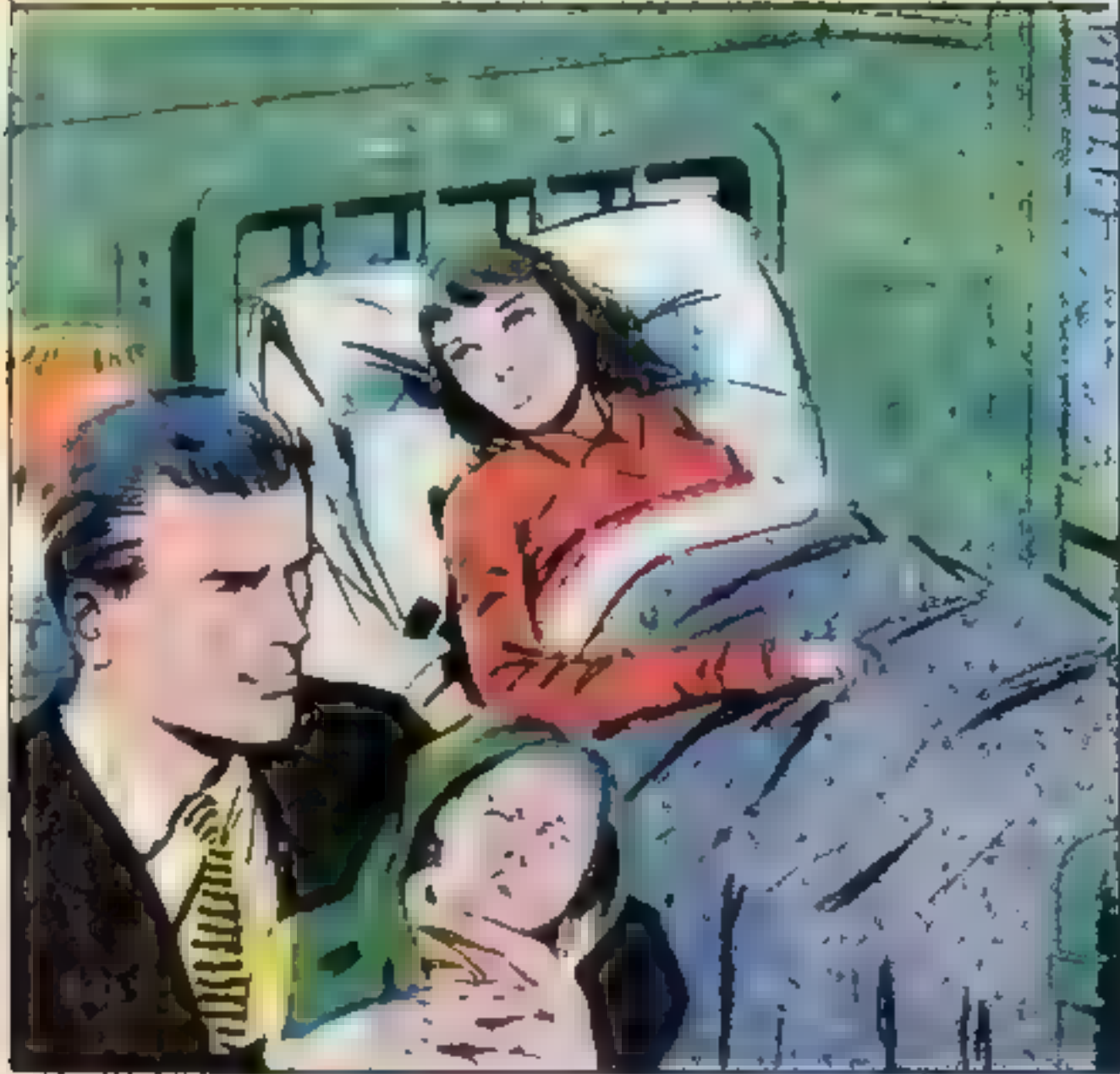
IN WORLD WAR II, PFC. JAKE HALLORAN WAS A HELL-FOR-LEATHER FIGHTING MAN... HE WAS NINETEEN, NOTHING BOTHERED HIM, AND HE WAS ONE OF PATTON'S MEN WHEN THEY SLASHED ACROSS THE RHINE INTO GERMANY AT REMAGEN, MARCH 7, 1945!



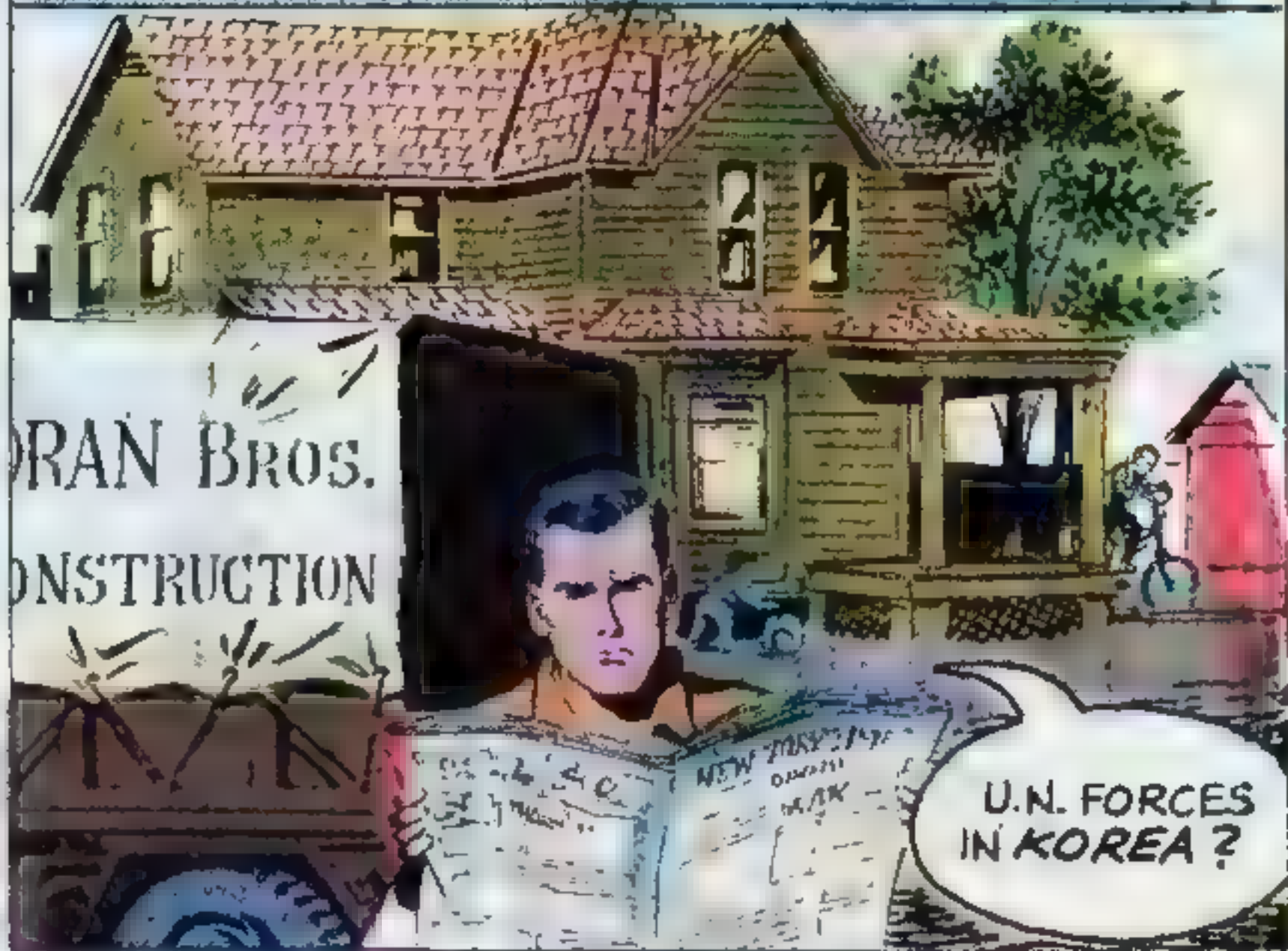
CAREFREE, LAUGHING JAKE HALLORAN SAW DEATH TOO MANY TIMES... HE LOST HIS ZEST FOR COMBAT BEFORE GERMANY SURRENDERED MAY 7, 1945... AND HE BEGAN THE LONG ROAD BACK TO PEACE!



JAKE HALLORAN MARRIED HIS GIRL...
THEY STARTED THEIR FAMILY...



...AND JAKE WORKED IN THE CONSTRUCTION
BUSINESS WITH HIS BROTHER, WORKING LONG
HOURS TO GET AHEAD!

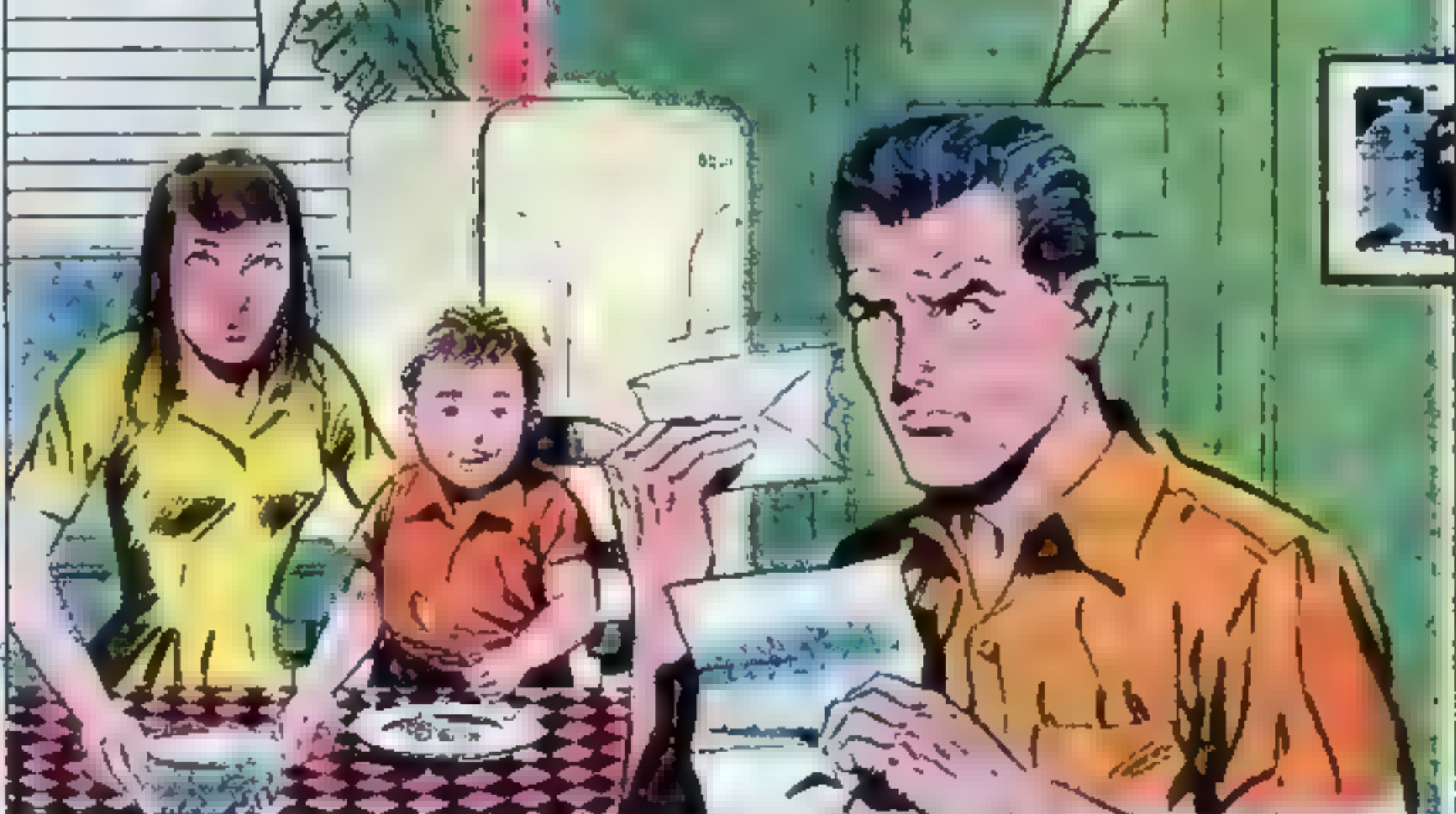


KOREA? THAT'S IN ASIA!
SOMEPLACE... WHAT THE
HELL DO WE CARE ABOUT
KOREA?



DARLING, WE'VE DECIDED
TO TAKE THE COTTAGE
AT LAKE COMO FOR THE
LAST THREE WEEKS
IN AUGUST!

FORGET IT, ELLIE...
THOSE IDIOTS IN WASH-
INGTON JUST RECALLED
ME TO ACTIVE SERVICE!



JAKE, I
BEGGED YOU
NOT TO
STAY IN
THE ARMY
RESERVE!

MY TIME WOULD EXPIRE
THIS FALL... THEY CAN'T
PUT ME BACK IN
UNIFORM! I'LL JUST
REFUSE TO GO!

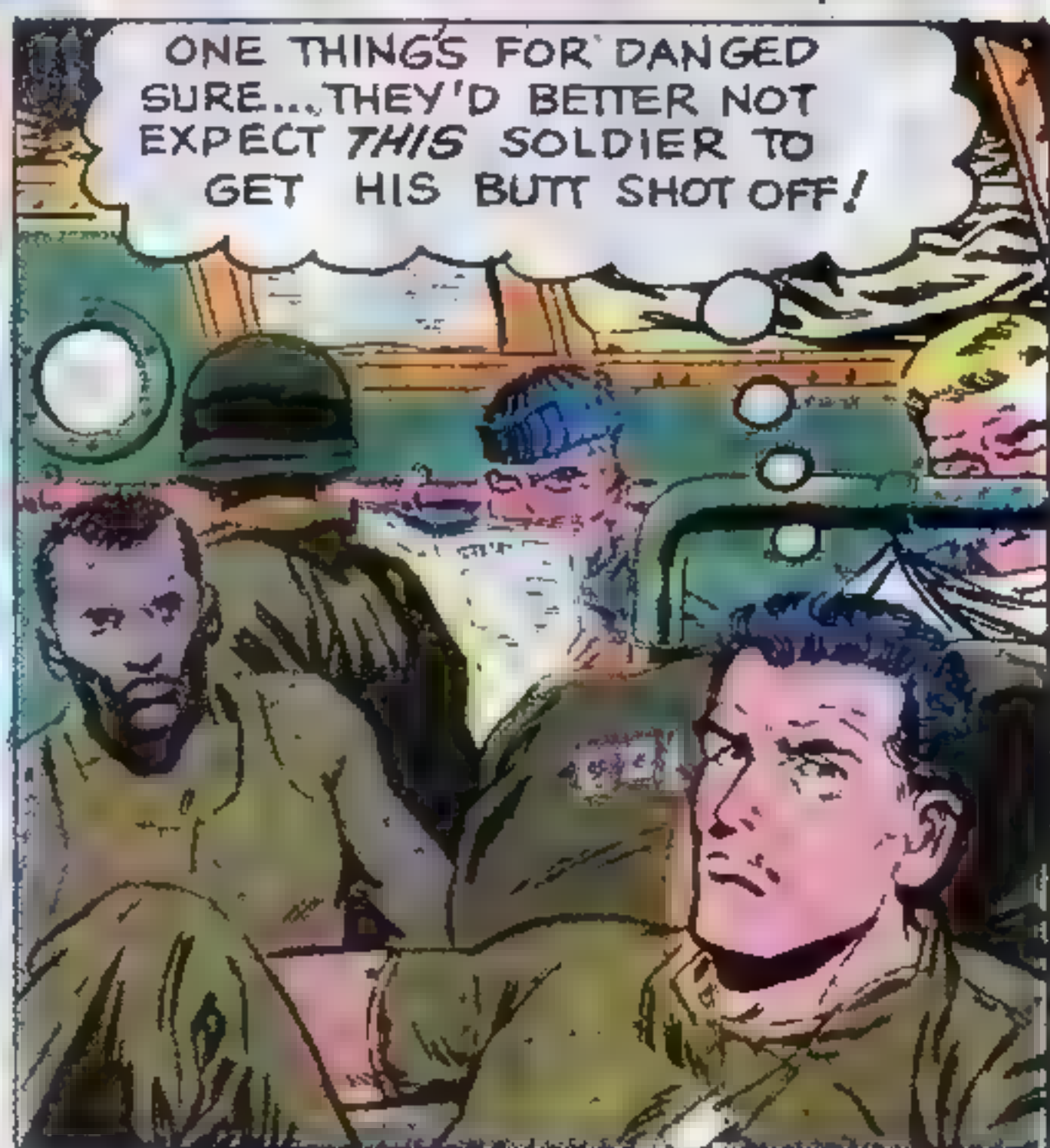
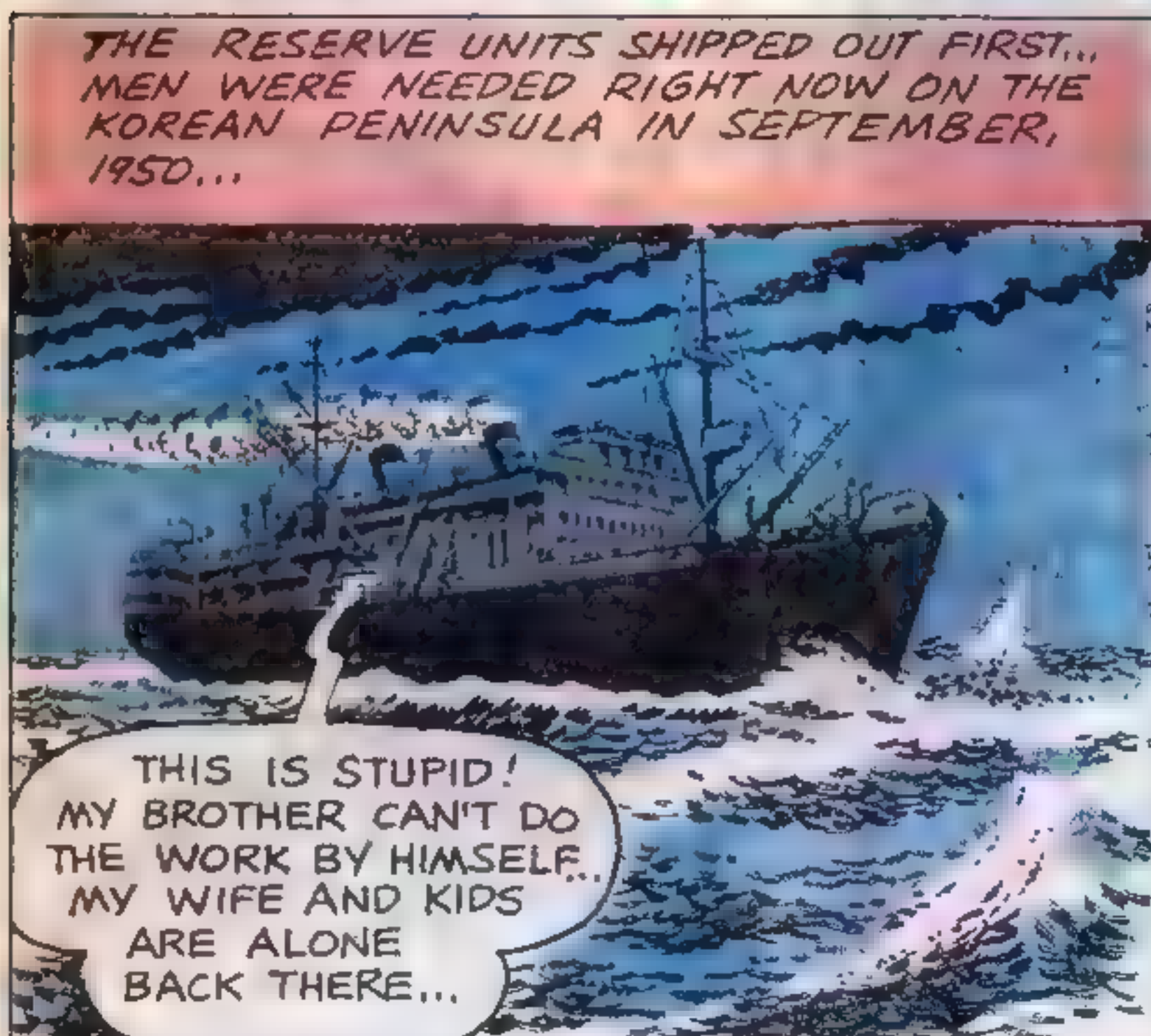
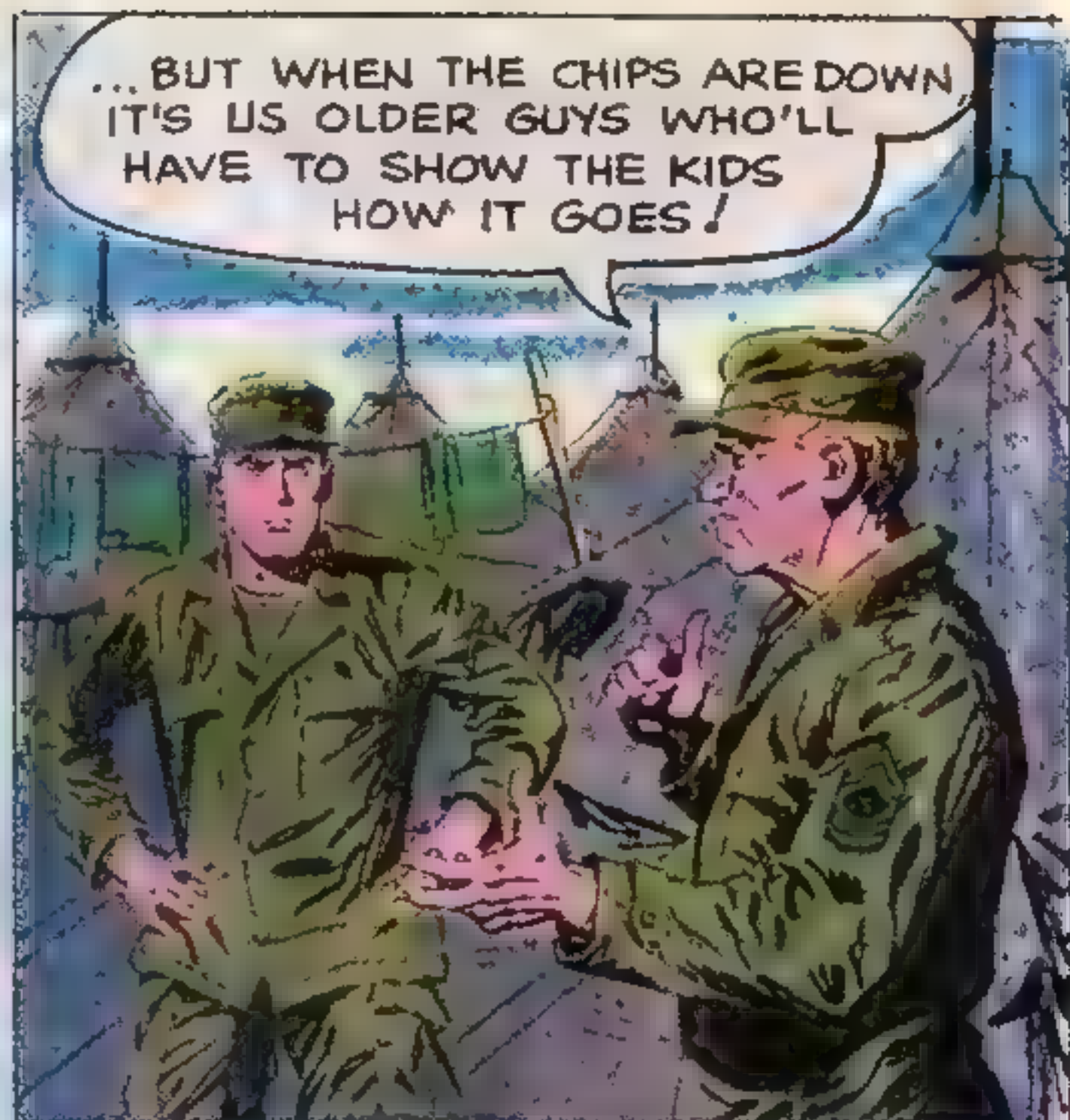


BUT NOBODY WAS
REFUSING UNCLE SAM
IN 1950 AND...

THIS 3.5
ROCKET LAUNCH-
ER HAS A
MAXIMUM RANGE
OF 700 YARDS AND
CAN PENETRATE ANY
TANK ARMOR!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



THE UN FORCES HAMMERED THE NORTH KOREANS BACK... HALLORAN AND HIS BUDDIES BEGAN HOPING THEY'D BE HOME BY CHRISTMAS... BY NOVEMBER THEY WERE FAR NORTH, NEAR THE YALU RIVER.

THAT'S THE YALU RIVER... I HEAR THERE ARE A MILLION CHINESE TROOPS ON THE OTHER SIDE...

THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE GONNA STAY! WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH CHINA!



GENERAL MAC ARTHUR SAYS THIS IS 'THE END-OF-THE-WAR' OFFENSIVE AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW!



BUT AS CPL HALLORAN SAID IT, THE CHINESE WERE ALREADY ACROSS THE YALU ATTACKING FORWARD ELEMENTS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY.



CHINESE TROOPS IN DIVISION STRENGTH CROSSING THE YALU RIVER!

THE CHINESE HAD HORDES OF TROOPS... AND HEAVY RUSSIAN-BUILT T34 TANKS, SUPERIOR TO ANY ARMOR THE U.N. HAD IN KOREA AT THAT TIME!

BRRRT BRRRT

POW POW

THE M.G. CREW BETTER BAIL OUT... RIGHT NOW!

BARR ROOM!



SPEARHEADED BY THE SOVIET-BUILT MONSTERS, THE CHINESE KNIFED THROUGH THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES...



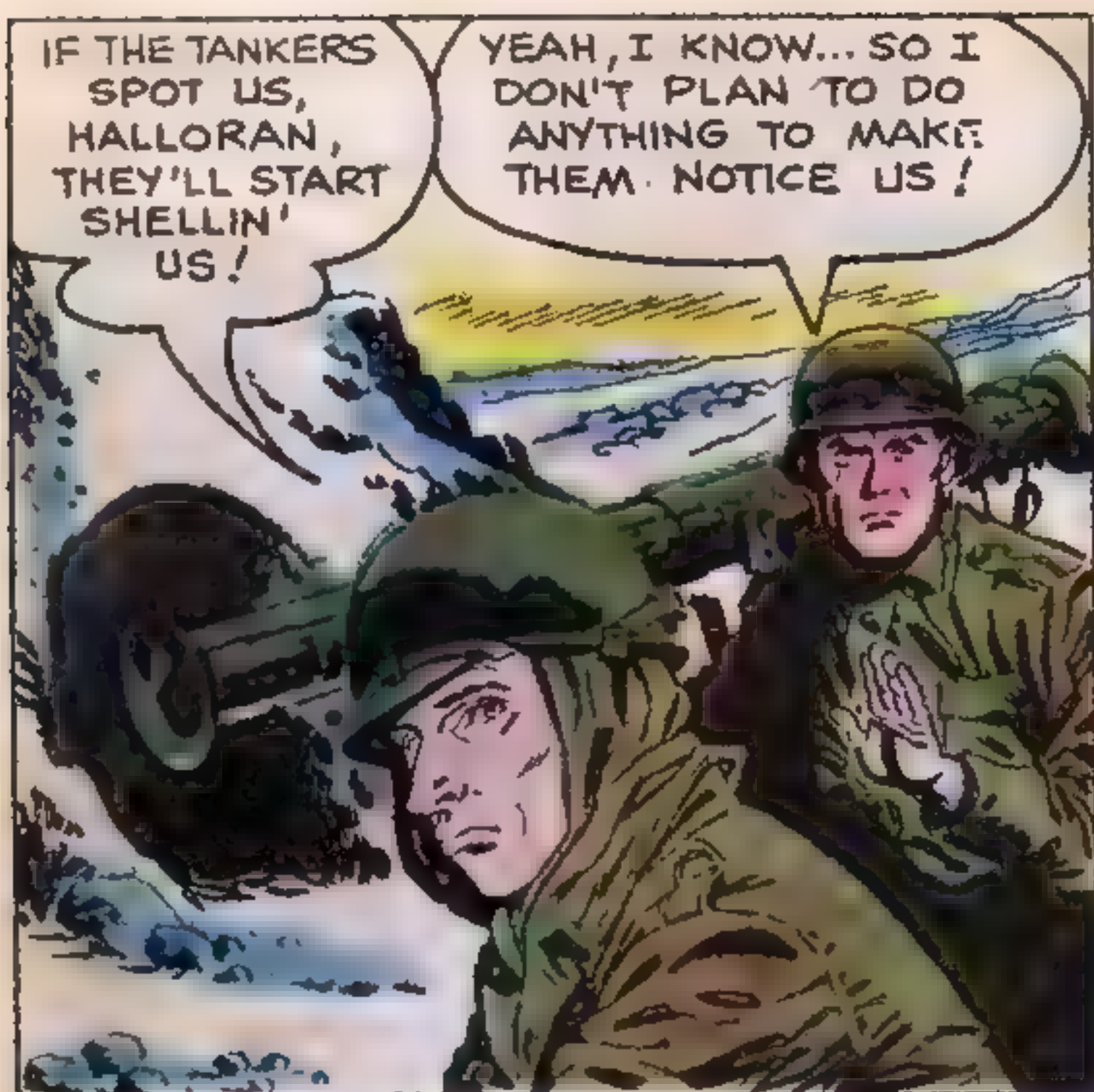
CPL. HALLORAN'S COMPANY WERE FALLING BACK... SO FAR THEY HADN'T BEEN CAUGHT IN THE CRUNCH... BUT THEIR TIME WAS COMING!

WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO DEPLOY HERE AND HOLD THE CHINESE COLUMN TO GIVE THE MEDICS TIME TO EVACUATE THE WOUNDED!

CAPTAIN, I'M PRETTY SICK MYSELF! BEFORE THE MEDICS MOVE OUT, I'D LIKE TO REPORT SICK!

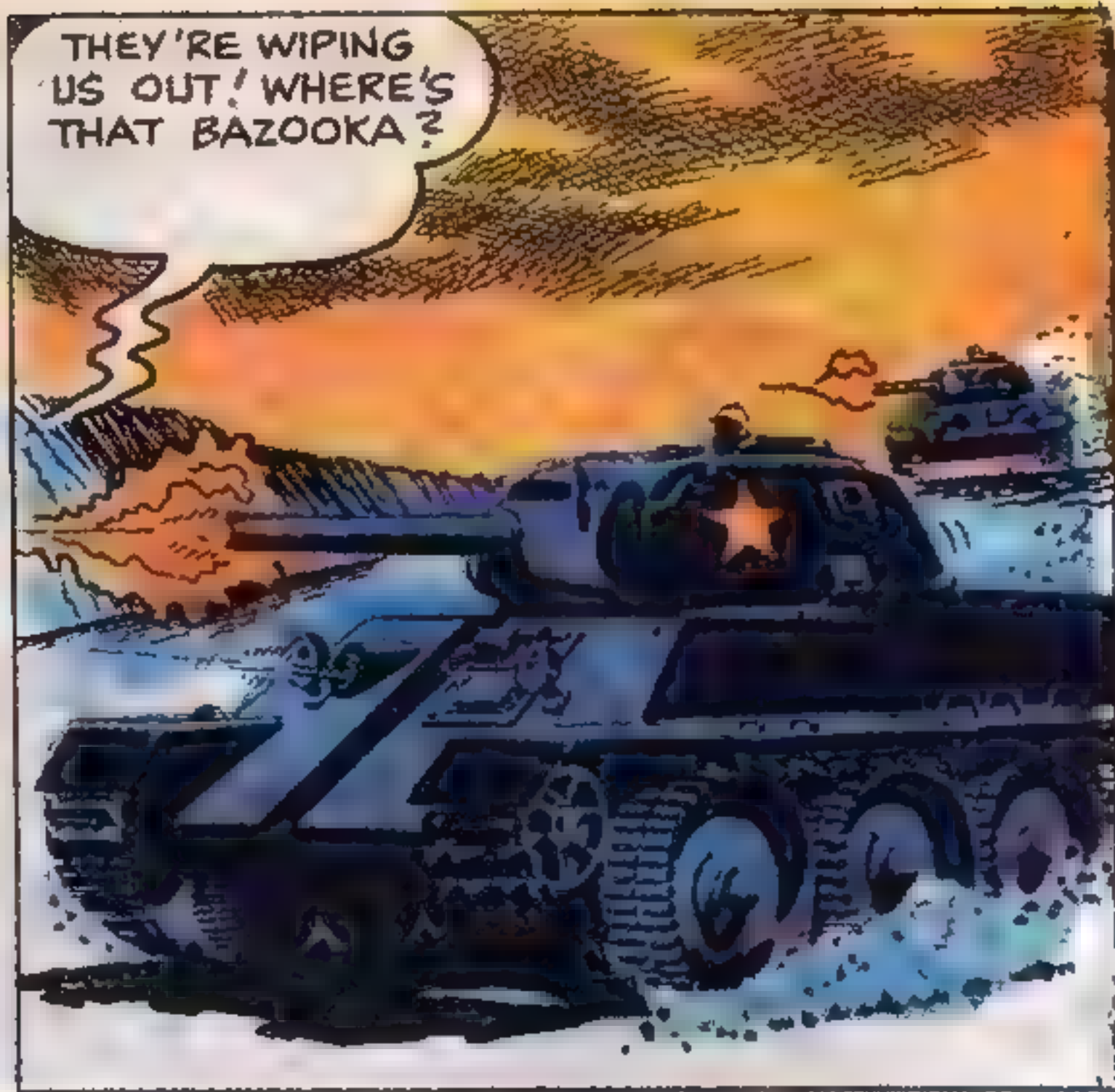
YOU'RE ALL FINISHED GOOFING OFF, HALLORAN! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING CALLED TO DUTY... YOU'RE HERE AND YOU'RE DAMNED WELL GOING TO FIGHT!





IF THE TANKERS
SPOT US,
HALLORAN,
THEY'LL START
SHELLIN'
US!

YEAH, I KNOW... SO I
DON'T PLAN TO DO
ANYTHING TO MAKE
THEM NOTICE US!



THEY'RE WIPING
US OUT! WHERE'S
THAT BAZOOKA?



CAPTAIN VACCARO SAW HIS MEN GOING DOWN... AND
HE KNEW WHY THE RED TANKS WEREN'T BEING
ATTACKED BY BAZOOKA FIRE...

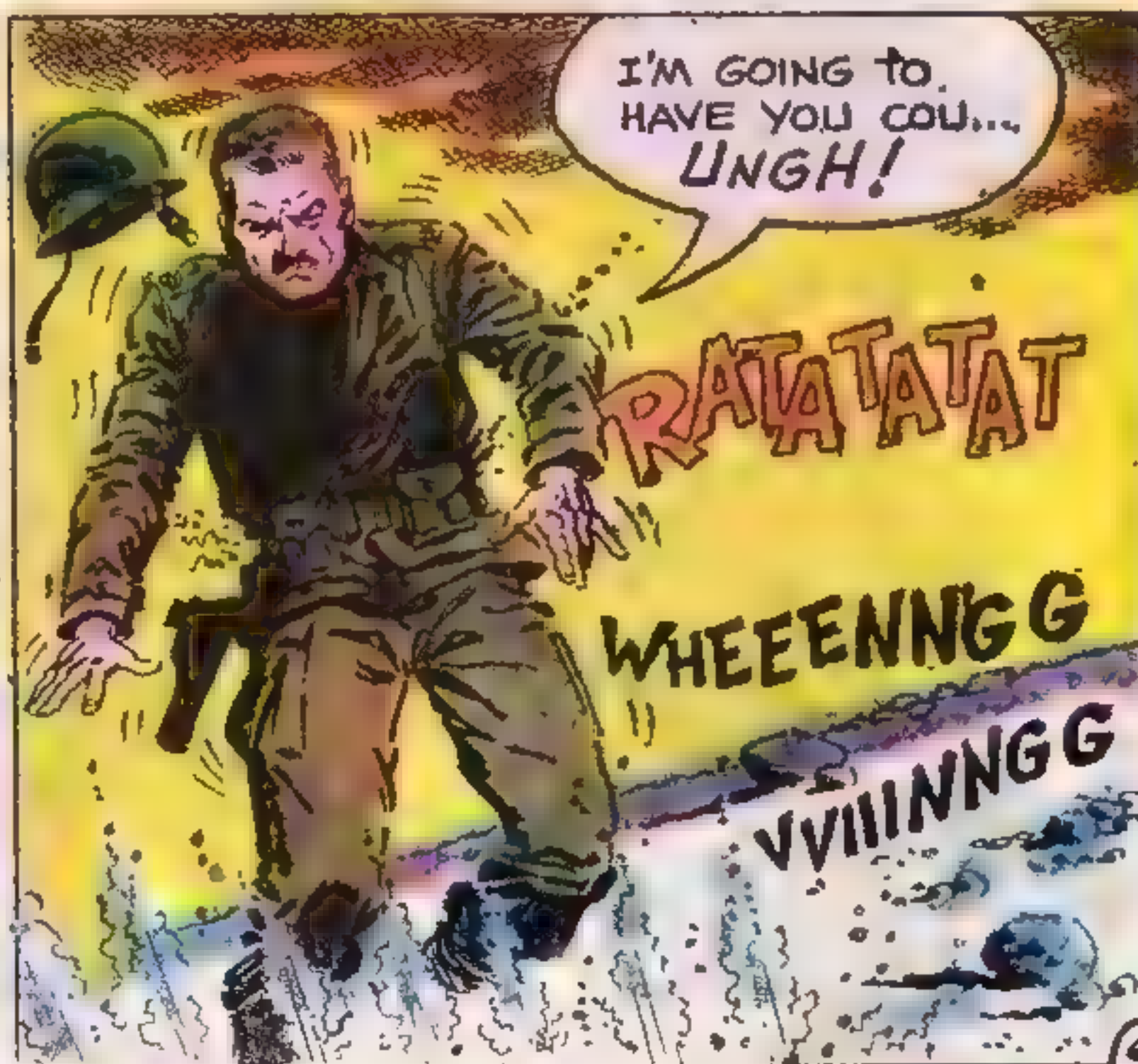
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING
ABOUT, CAPTAIN?
I FIRED AT THEM...
I JUST MISSED
IS ALL!

HALLORAN, YOU YELLOW
DOG... I OUGHT TO
SHOOT YOU MYSELF!



THIS IS FOR THE
MEN WHO DIED
BECAUSE OF YOU!

SPLAAAT



I'M GOING TO
HAVE YOU COU...
UNGH!

RATATAT

WHEENNGG

VVIINGG

YOU 'COUGH' THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY RETREAD WITH A... 'GASP' FAMILY? I'VE GOT KIDS... I DON'T WANT TO DIE EITHER!

I-I'M SORRY, SIR!



Y-YOU'VE GOT THE ONLY WEAPON THAT CAN SAVE THEM, HALLORAN! IT'S UP TO YOU NOW!

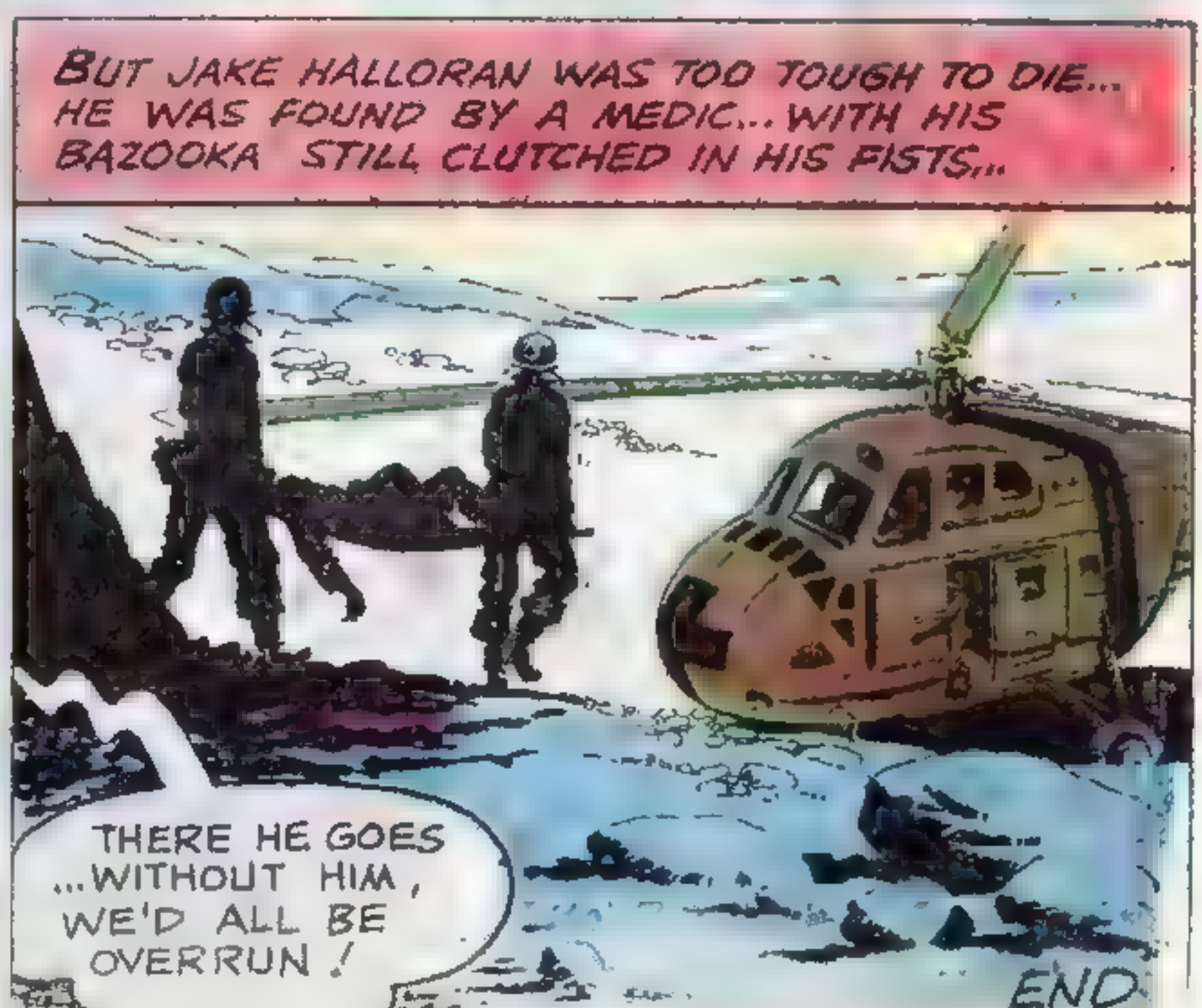
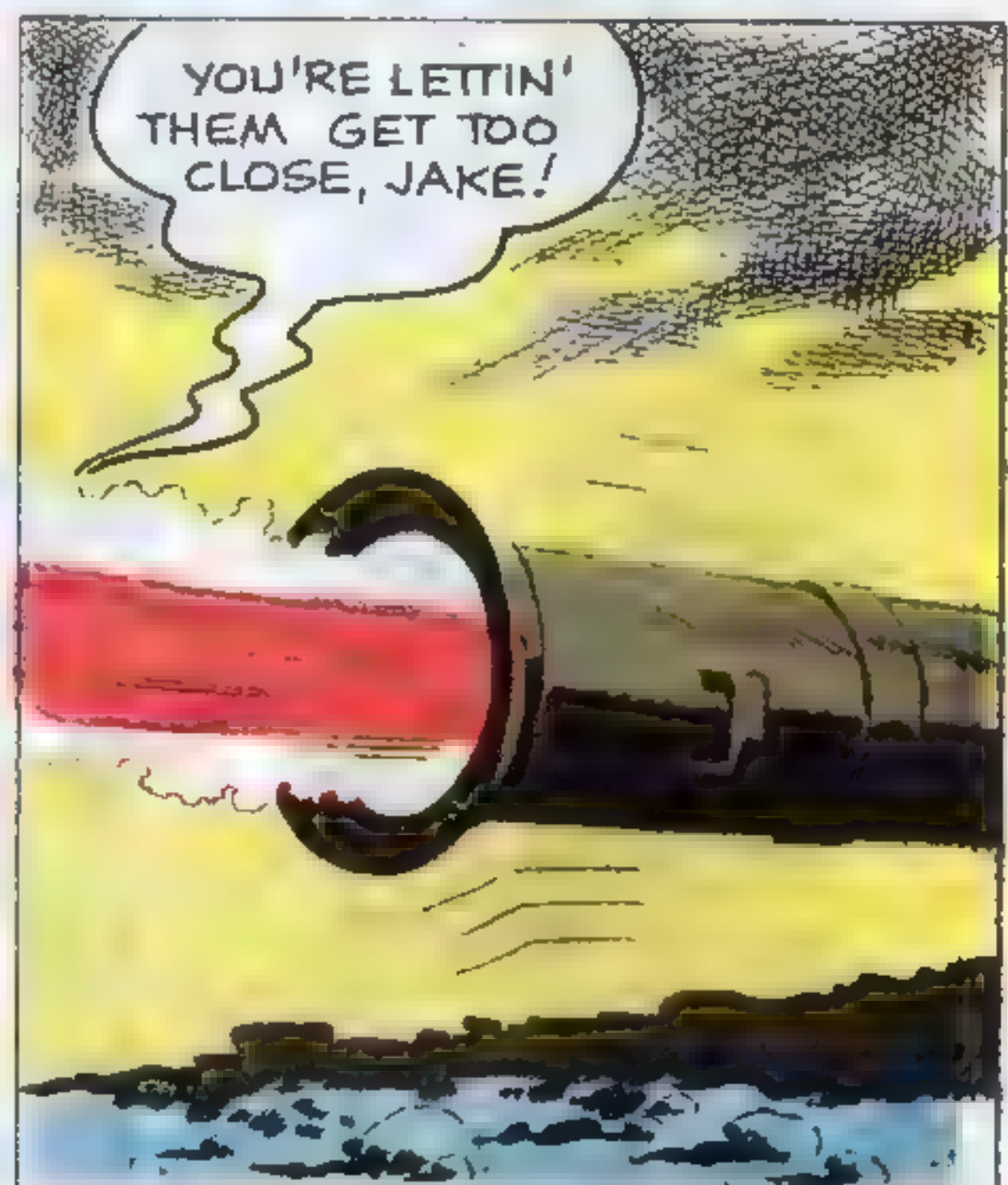


FUNNY... IN 1945 I'D WIPE OUT TANKS LIKE THOSE WITH A LITTLE 2.75 INCH PIPE! I JUST DON'T HAVE THE GUTS ANYMORE!



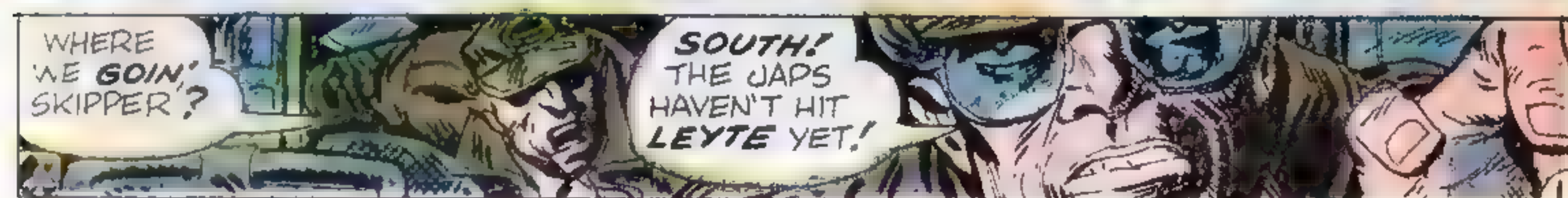
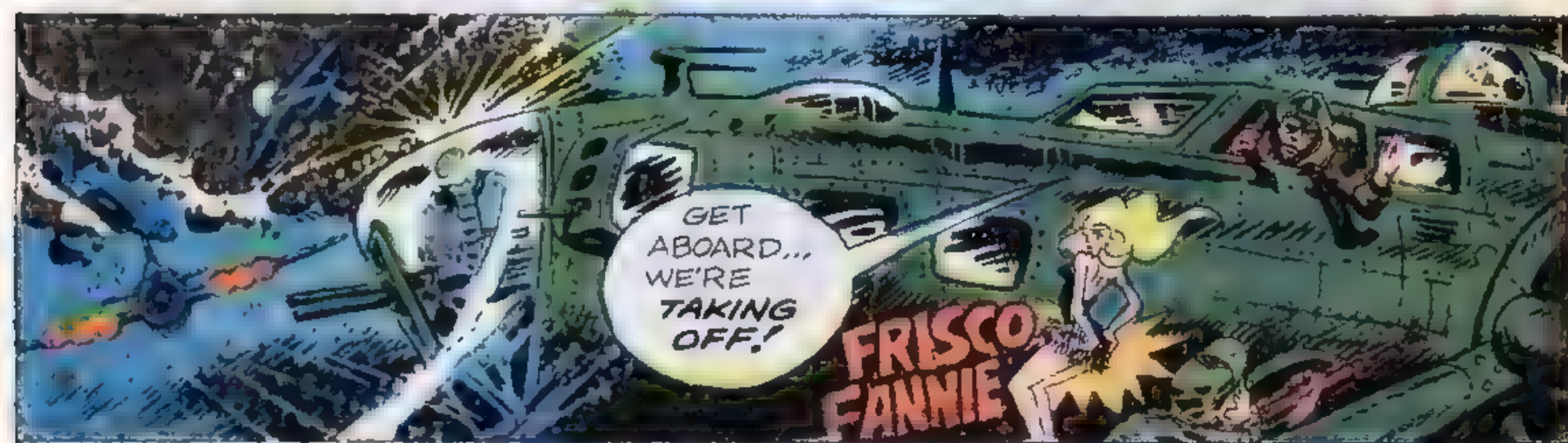
GOT TO GET IT AT THE OPEN TURRET...

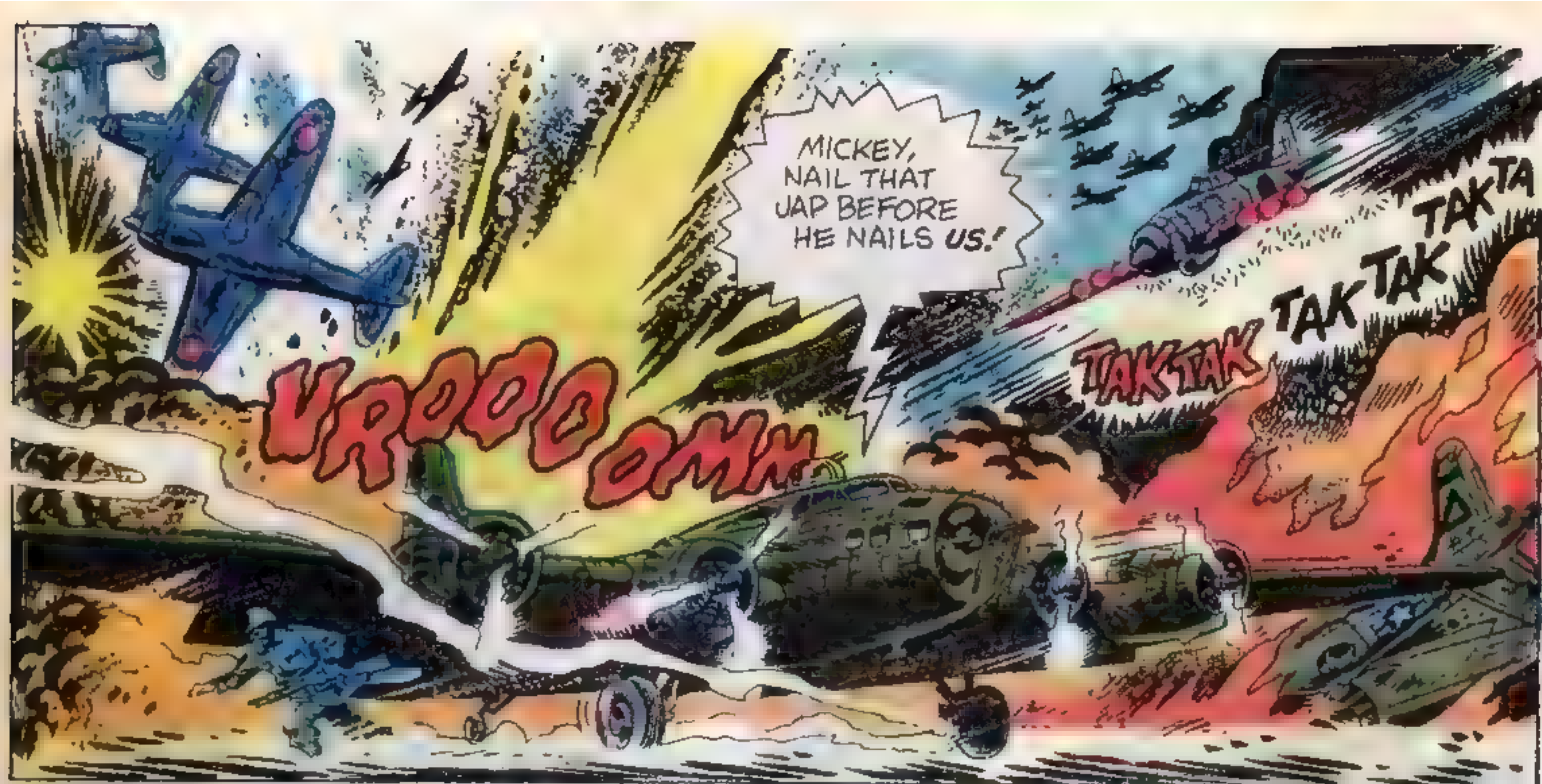




ONE MAN AIR FORCE!

ON DEC 7, 1941 THE JAPANESE ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR... AND ON DEC. 8 THE JAPANESE BOMBERS SWARMED OVER CLARK FIELD NEAR MANILA IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AND CAUGHT MOST OF THE U.S. AIR CORPS PLANES ON THE GROUND! CAPT. JASPER CURRAN'S B-17 WASN'T WITH THE OTHERS BECAUSE HE'D BLOWN A TIRE TAXI-ING OUT FOR TAKE-OFF AN HOUR BEFORE THE ATTACK...





MICKEY,
NAIL THAT
JAP BEFORE
HE NAILS US!

VROOO OMM

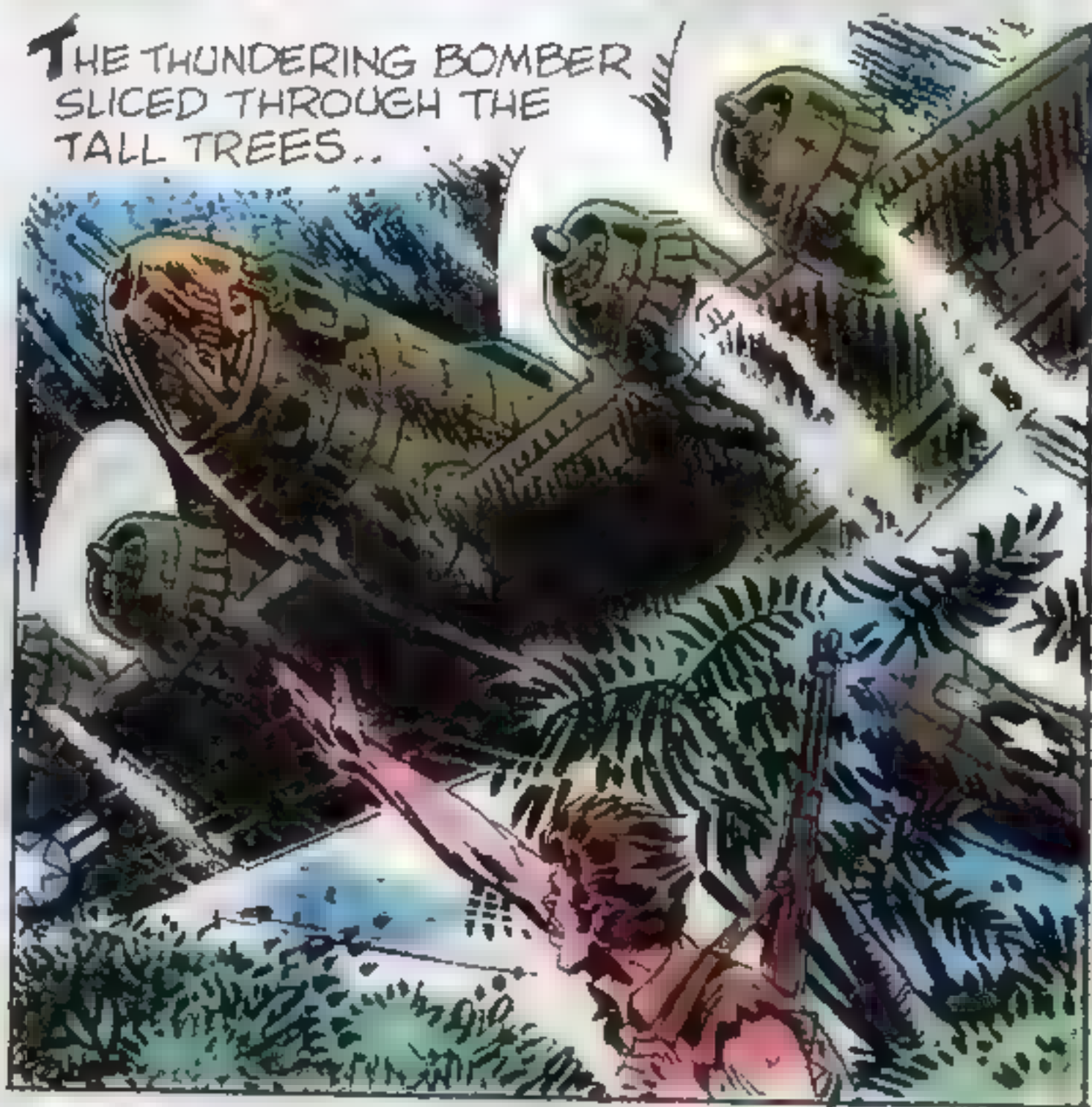
TAKTAK

TAKTAK

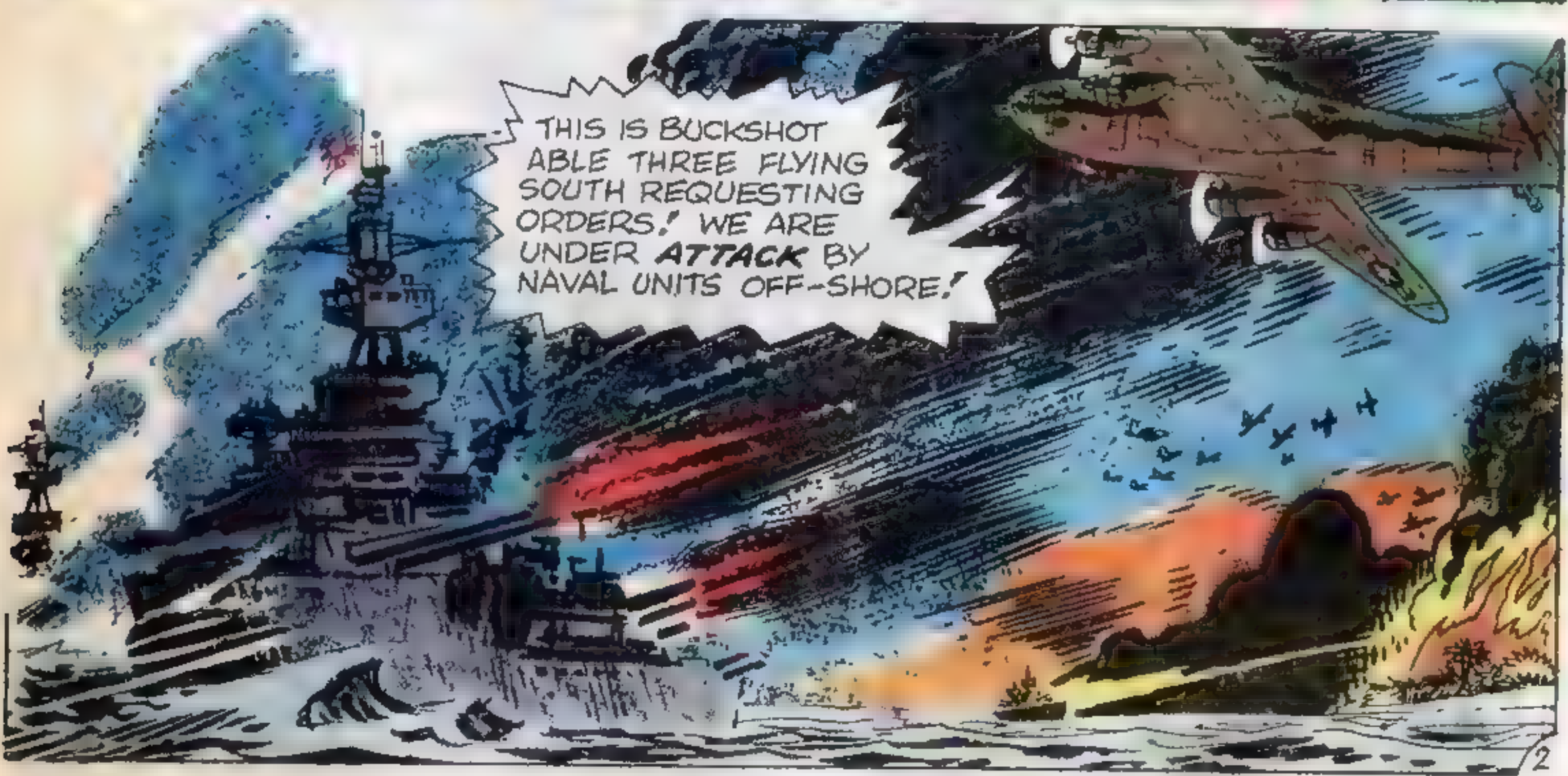
TAKTAK



TAIL GUNNER, WATCH
FOR **ZEROS**! WE'RE
FLYING AT ZERO
ALTITUDE TILL WE
GET AWAY FROM
THEM!



THE THUNDERING BOMBER
SLICED THROUGH THE
TALL TREES...



THIS IS BUCKSHOT
ABLE THREE FLYING
SOUTH REQUESTING
ORDERS! WE ARE
UNDER **ATTACK** BY
NAVAL UNITS OFF-SHORE!

IN NORTHERN LEYTE A LONE CORPORAL MANNED
A U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS **RADIO**...

BUCK SHOT ABLE THREE
FROM DOS HERMANOS
IN NORTHERN LEYTE!
THERE'S AN
AIRFIELD HERE...
NO JAPS YET...
AND WE'VE GOT
GASOLINE!

IT'S A
**SHORT AND
NARROW**
RUNWAY
THOUGH!

DOS HERMANOS? EVER HEARD OF AN AIRFIELD
BY THAT NAME?

IT WAS USED FOR ARMY
RECONNAISSANCE
PLANES, SKIPPER!
THEY BUGGED OUT
ABOUT TEN DAYS AGO!

THE FIELD **WAS** NARROW... AND
MIGHTY SHORT... BUT CAPT.
CURRAN DIDN'T HAVE ANY **CHOICE!**

SOONER
OR LATER
THEY **WILL**,
HOMBRE!

THE JAPANESE
HAVE PASSED US
HEADING SOUTH, AMIGO!
PERHAPS THEY WILL
NOT COME HERE
AT **ALL!**

HOW MANY PEOPLE
ARE HERE, CORPORAL?

I'M THE ONLY ONE,
SIR! I WAS OUT
WITH A PHILIPPINO
GUERRILLA!

I WAS GONNA BLOW
THE **GAS** DRUMS AND
BOMBS, SIR... BUT
I WAITED JUST IN
CASE SOMEONE
NEEDED IT!

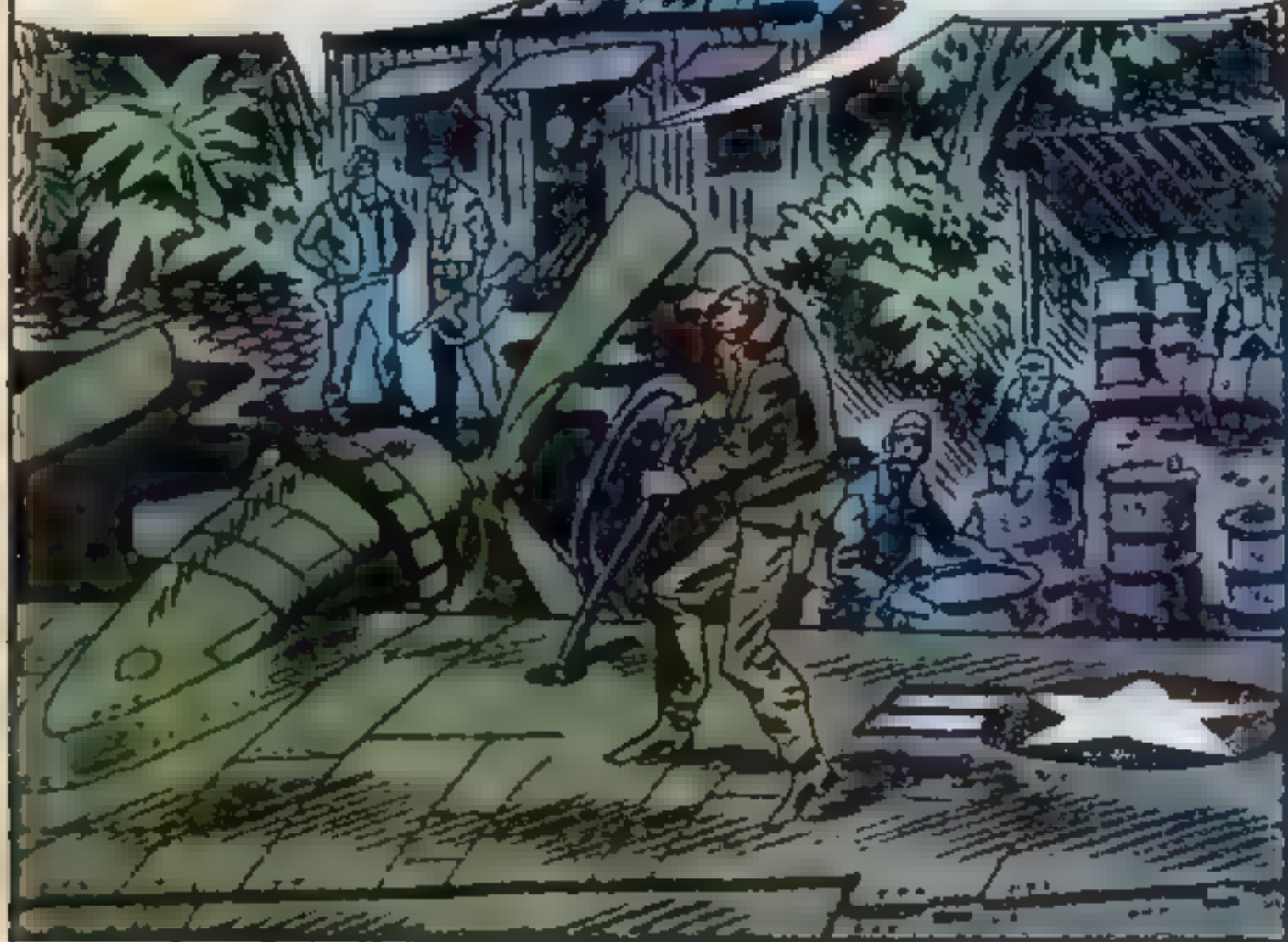
WE'RE MIGHTY
GLAD YOU
DIDN'T,
CORPORAL!

WE'VE GOT FULL TANKS
AND A LOAD OF 250
POUND BOMBS...
WE'VE GOT TO GET
A GOOD **TARGET!**

THE JAPS GOT A COUPLE
HUNDRED **FIGHTERS**
AT A FIELD NEAR
THE EAST COAST,
SKIPPER!

THEY'LL **CREAM**
US AS SOON AS
THE JAPS
SIGHT THE
PLANE!

THEY'VE GOT **THAT** MANY
FIGHTERS AT ONE
FIELD? HMM...



WE CAN TAKE OFF AT 0530 HOURS... IT'LL BE
DAYLIGHT... AND BOMB THE JAP FIGHTER
BASE AT 0600! AT SIX AYEM,
THE JAPS WILL BE FUELING
UP AND LOADING **BOMBS!**



THEN WHAT? WE GET
SHOT DOWN AND OUR
DEPENDENTS GET THE
INSURANCE?



WITH ANY LUCK WE CAN
MAKE IT TO PORT DARWIN
IN NORTHERN **AUSTRALIA**
JIM!

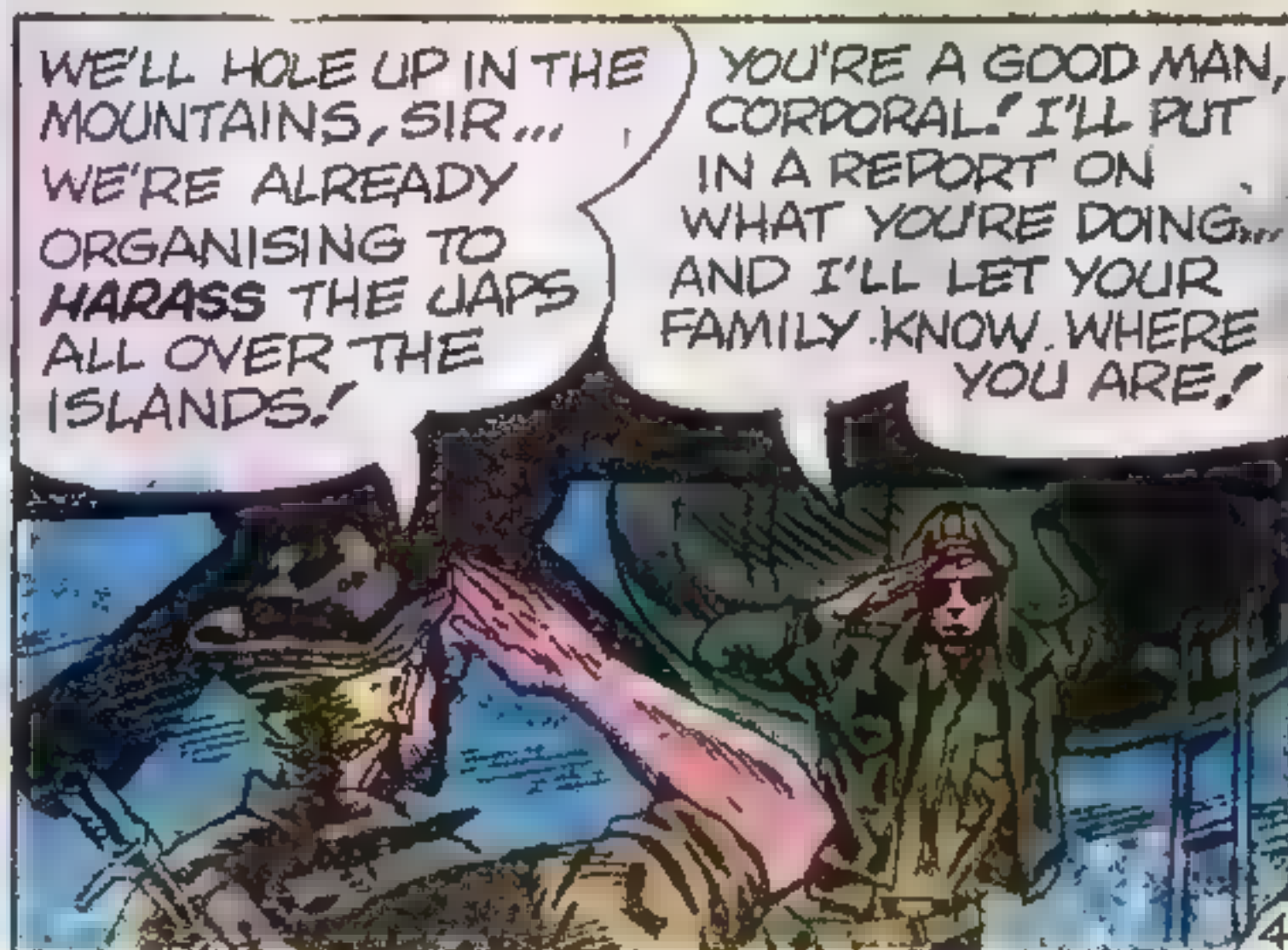
I'LL BUY
THAT,
SKIPPER.



THEY LOADED THEIR TRAYS WITH .50 CAL
AMMUNITION... ED CUSICK WAS OFFERED
THE CHOICE OF FLYING OUT OR STAYING
WITH THE PHILIPPINO GUERRILLAS...
HE CHOSE TO **STAY!**

WE'LL HOLE UP IN THE
MOUNTAINS, SIR...
WE'RE ALREADY
ORGANISING TO
HARASS THE JAPS
ALL OVER THE
ISLANDS!

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN,
CORDORAL! I'LL PUT
IN A REPORT ON
WHAT YOU'RE DOING...
AND I'LL LET YOUR
FAMILY KNOW WHERE
YOU ARE!



ON THE MORNING OF DEC. 9 1941, THE CREW OF **FRISCO FANNY** BOARDED THEIR BOMBER!

GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN CURRAN!

THANKS, CORPORAL... I'LL MAIL YOUR LETTERS TO YOUR FOLKS FROM **AUSTRALIA!**

OIL PRESSURE ALL ENGINES NORMAL, SKIPPER!

FRISCO FANNY

AIRSPPEED EIGHTY-FIVE, SKIPPER... WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT OF **RUNWAY!**

VVVROOOO OMMMM

WE'RE **OFF!**

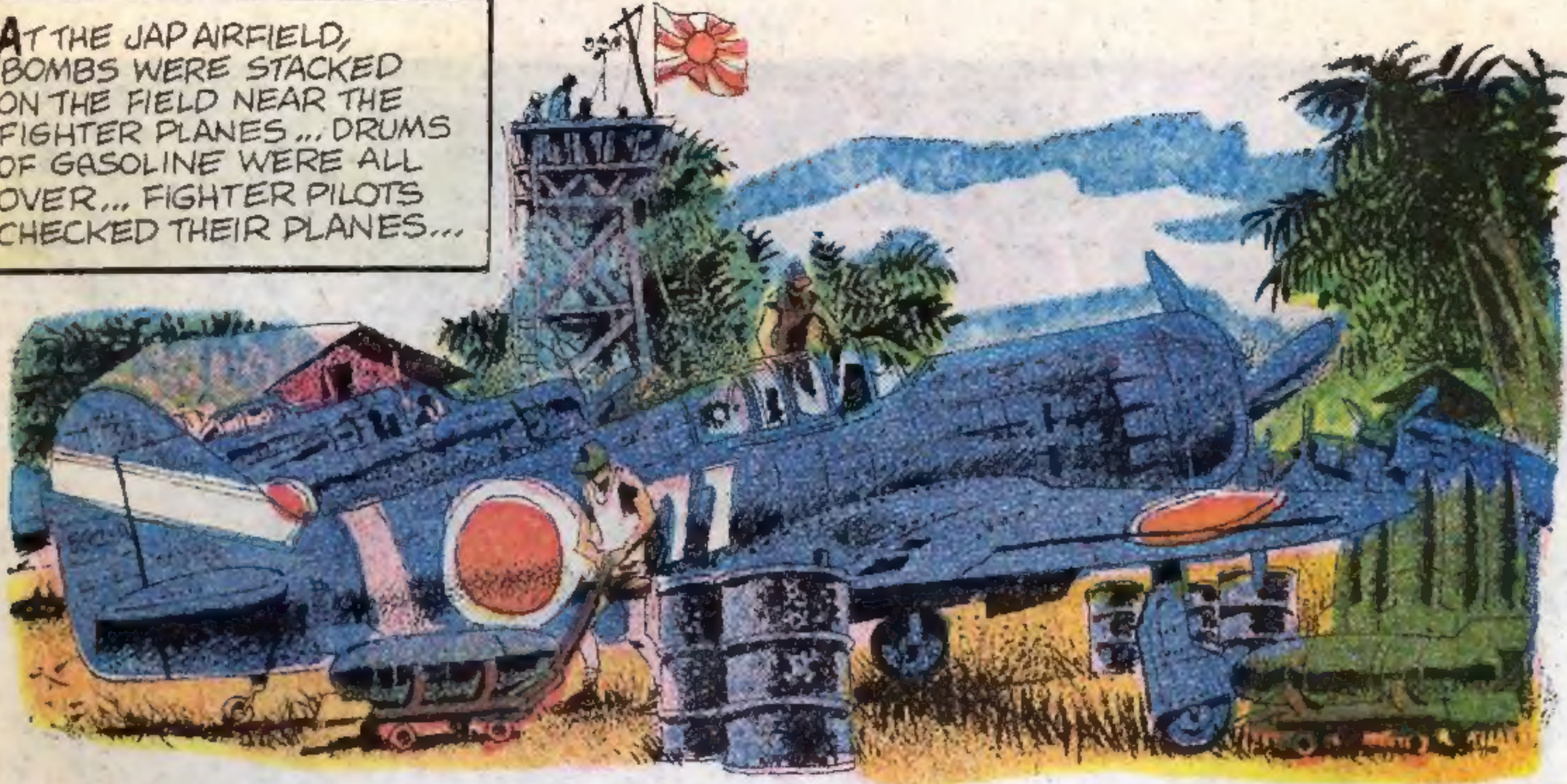
VVVROOOOM

GUNNERS, CHARGE YOUR **GUNS!** JIM, KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR **FIGHTERS!** BOMBARDIER, OPEN THE **BOMBAY** DOORS!

TAKATAKATA

WE'LL BE OVER THE TARGET IN **TWO MINUTES!**

AT THE JAP AIRFIELD,
BOMBS WERE STACKED
ON THE FIELD NEAR THE
FIGHTER PLANES... DRUMS
OF GASOLINE WERE ALL
OVER... FIGHTER PILOTS
CHECKED THEIR PLANES...



FRISCO FANNY CAME IN FROM THE WEST
FLYING LOW, BOMBBAYS OPEN...



BOMBS AWAY!



WE GONNA **RUN**
FOR IT, SKIPPER?

WE WOULDN'T GET FAR, JIM...
A FEW OF THOSE **FIGHTERS**
BACK THERE WILL GET
AIRBORNE... AND **CHASE**
US TO **AUSTRALIA!**

GUNNERS GET READY...
WE'RE GOING TO **STRAFE**
THE FIELD... LOOK FOR
FIGHTERS GETTING
READY TO FLY!

WE'RE GOIN'
BACK!

I GOT
ME A
ZERO,
SKIPPER!

TED, THERE'S A ZERO
ON YOUR SIDE TAKING
OFF! TRY AND...
YOU GOT HIM!!

TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK

BOOM!

FWOOM!

THEN IT WAS **OVER**... AMMO TRAYS
WERE **EMPTY**... AND THE BOEING
FLYING FORTRESS HEADED SOUTH
FOR **AUSTRALIA!**

ARE WE GONNA
MAKE IT, SKIPPER?

NO SWEAT NOW, GANG...
WE **CREAMED** THE JAPS.
AND GOT **AWAY** WITH IT!

THE END



Sir John Fimort, head of British Counter Intelligence, during World War II, was the "genius" who thought up what was called, "Plan M." At a confidential meeting of the heads of the British and English armed forces, he put forth the idea.

"The Nazis are doing their best to try to find out just where we intend to land once we have determined to invade the coast of France with our forces. If we can mislead them to believe we will attack at one point and they make preparations to fight us there, we have a decided advantage.

So this is what I suggest. We send a "spy" or "messenger" to occupied France. He will be dropped by parachute. He will have orders for the French Resistance Forces and the French Underground. Telling them that several drops of war materials will be made. To be used to help us when we land. And we will give them maps in detail. Showing where we land. And what they are to do in order to help us."

"If the Nazis buy that idea, which is not a bad one at all," said General Walter Howards, "it means we sacrifice one man to save the lives of many others. But how will this man be chosen?"

"We need a man not too bright," explained Sir John Fimort. "He is to carry out orders exactly. But in fairness to him, he is to know he is expendable. It is a one-way journey."

It was Colonel Frank Blanton who made the final choice.

"I know just the man for this task," he said. "He is a Private Frank Correll. What we call in the U.S. a plain dumb bunny. He follows orders exactly. Not a happy man. But he does fill a duty. I don't think he has much education. He is our man."

When Private Frank Correll was informed that he was chosen for a very important task, and that he would end up as a corpse, he showed no emotion. It was "voluntary" and he accepted it. He had to be given instructions on how to parachute from a plane. And he did so successfully in three practice drops. Then he was ready for his assignment. British Counter-Intelligence saw to it there was a leak.

And on that cloudy night when he was dropped from his plane, he is greeted by a Nazi Patrol waiting for him. First in German and then in English. He was taken by car to Headquarters and interviewed by

Colonel Hans Gettersman.

"You can be shot as a spy," he was informed. "If you cooperate with us, I may recommend mercy."

"I'm no spy," he said. "They told me to deliver messages. That's all. I don't want to be shot. I want to live out this war."

Since the underground had never seen Frank Correll, a German soldier who spoke perfect English took his place. And communicated with the underground. The drops of supplies were made as stated in the messages. One thing was certain. The Nazis felt that they knew the plans of the enemy. And they figured out how to use their captive. In his presence, the talk went from German to English.

The plan seemed good from the Nazi point of view. Several important maps and papers would be placed upon the desk and left there. The soldier would be confined to an adjacent room. With him would be the "plant." The owner of a motorboat tied up in the harbor. The two would be permitted to escape. And thus the Allies would get false information about the German planned moves.

The "plant" by name of Jacques Dúmois, found it a bit difficult to convince the soldier it wouldn't be too difficult to escape. So late at night he removed the hinges from the door quietly. The two passed through the room where the material had been left on the desk.

"Could be valuable," he said. "Let's take it. We will deliver it to the Free French in England."

To make the escape look real, a soldier intercepted them and the blow he got on his head wasn't too hard. The boat was in the harbor. And soon they were headed towards the British coast. In the morning a small patrol boat picked them up. Frank Correll explained his mission. He wanted to see Sir John Fimort and Colonel Frank Blanton at once. And when they saw him they were astonished not only by the fact he was alive-but by what he had accomplished.

"I speak German and six other languages," he said. "They wanted me to escape with their "plant." Leave him alone. Let him think how successful the idea was. But from some things they said in German, I have an idea of more. By the way, I'm not as dumb as you figured, eh?"

His was one of the quickest promotions. From a private to a captain!
